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## REVIEWS

*Some Observations on Two Articles in the Athenæum.* Marlow, Cannon.

THIS is an attack on—assuredly it is not a reply to—some strictures which, in the discharge of our public duty, we passed on Mr. James's 'History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince.' The title, however, is inaccurate; as the 'Observations' are confined to a portion, and a very small portion, of the strictures in the second notice only.

It is seldom that we feel disposed to pay the slightest attention to the remarks which authors may make on our criticisms. We know how deeply the feeling of self-love is implanted in every breast; and we are neither surprised at, nor offended with, the manner in which, when wounded, it may exhibit itself. While assuming to ourselves the right of estimating, by a precise standard, the quality of a literary production, we also recognize in the author that of scrutinizing the standard itself. In the present instance, our personal respect and regard for the writer induce us to depart from our usual indifference. If Mr. James should have reason to be even less satisfied with the present than with the former notice of his book, let him remember that he is suffering from a discussion which he himself has provoked.

Whoever will take the trouble of perusing the notices to which we have referred, will, we are confident, agree with us that they were written in a good spirit. In the first it was urged against Mr. James—but most temperately—that he had no moral purpose in his work; that he did not inculcate the lessons derived from human experience; that he did not reprobate the causes, he did not expose the disasters, of unjust, useless wars; that he had no sympathy for suffering nations, and no admiration, except for the very things which cause that suffering. Further, that his plan was defective, since it has no unity. His subject, in fact, has neither beginning nor end; it is the rivalry of France and England, which Mr. James admits is divided into four great acts, yet he selects only one. And he runs counter to all our extant remains of Saxon legislation, in asserting that feudal relations were brought into this country by the Normans,—that they were unknown to our Saxon ancestors. Let any one who entertains a doubt upon this subject, open the *Leges Anglo-Saxonice* of Wilkins; let him compare them with the laws of the feudal code, and that doubt will exist no longer.

These, it will be admitted, are grave objections, and how are they met by the author of the 'Observations'? "I shall pass over the first number, though it is fully as replete with errors as the other; but they are more vague, and would require a long disquisition to separate them from the mass of verbiage in which they are involved."

We leave the reader to determine how far the pamphlet of Mr. James is justified by its title;—how far these 'Observations' apply to 'TWO Articles in the Athenæum.'

But Mr. James complains that our strictures on his first volume are "vague." As the subject has been again forced on our consideration, we will endeavour to be more explicit.

Passing over the Dedication, we read (p. 5)

of the "immortal policy of the Ecclesiastical State," and of its being "so much more refined than that of any other European court." This gratuitous praise is everywhere contradicted by the writers of the Middle Ages. Had the object of the popes been to alienate all Christendom—clergy no less than laity—from the Roman See, that policy could not have been better devised. The clergy, in fact, suffered more than the laity, though the latter had so much reason to complain, that they more than once vowed to sever the connexion between their country and Rome. But on the former, the evils so long and so justly execrated,—provisions, collations, dispensations, combined with that detestable clause *Non obstante*,—made a far deeper impression. "Immortal, refined policy!" It was such policy as to make the celebrated Grosseteste declare, in presence, too, of the Pope at Avignon, that the papal chair was the fountain of all corruption, and the seat of Antichrist. Such was this policy as to give rise to the opposition of Wycliffe, Huss, and Jerome of Prague;—as to make the fathers of three great councils—Pisa, Constance, and Bale,—wish that the Church Universal should no longer be a monarchy, but governed by an aristocracy;—as to occasion the famous Centum Gravamina, which the Germanic Diet hurled at the head of the reigning pontiff;—as to produce the Reformation itself. Truly that was "a refined policy" which inevitably led to the separation of half Europe from the chair of St. Peter! From the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, councils, and synods, and doctors, assailed the policy of the Roman See, which they declared to be worthy of hell. Well may Dr. Lingard observe—an authority surely on such a subject,—that "in the policy of the Roman pontiffs during this period" (from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century) "it is difficult to discover any traces of that boasted wisdom for which the Roman See has been so much celebrated."

But while condemning the rapacity, the tyranny, the profligacy of the papal chair, we do not shut our eyes to two great benefits which, even at the worst period, it conferred on Europe. In the first place, it was always eager to spare the effusion of Christian blood. In the second, it always encouraged literature. So great were these advantages,—especially the former,—that we are frequently inclined to overlook its detestable policy. Mr. James has done justice, and merely justice, to the humanity of the popes, and for this we have praised him; but now, when he forgets their real faults, we are obliged to present the other side of the picture.

Mr. James has a most erroneous notion of the period when the papal power began to decline. He is indeed willing to fix it farther back than Mosheim,—as remote as the reign of "the Emperor Frederic." Which Frederic does he mean, the first or the second of the name? for both were hostile to that power. Granting him, however, the advantage of adducing Frederic Barbarossa, still his date is unfortunate; since, the greater part of a century before, Henry IV. had, in the synod of Worms, declared Gregory VII. deposed from the chair of St. Peter,—had set up the anti-pope, Honorius, and besieged Gregory in the Castle of St. Angelo. Henry V., successor of the preceding, had made Pascal II. prisoner, and forced him,

under the menace of death, to renounce the authority of the Roman See over the German Church. Far more powerful, far more dreaded, was the hostility of these two emperors than that of Frederic Barbarossa.

Louis of Bavaria is not deserving of the praises bestowed on him by Mr. James. He was neither so "formidable" to "the bishops of Rome" as many preceding emperors, nor did "all his first acts show a determination to check the encroaching spirit of the Apostolic See." On the contrary, he was anxious to gain, by any sacrifice, the favour of that see; and it was only when he discovered that he could not possibly succeed in his object, that he became the antagonist of the Popes. So far was he from being among the most "formidable" of the papal opponents, that by losing all prudence, by degenerating into madness, he ceased to be dreaded. Little does he deserve to be styled "one of the greatest monarchs of the age—whether considered in regard to dominion or talent;" little justice is in the observation that he "ruled powerfully in absolute contempt of ecclesiastical authority." On the contrary, nearly half of Germany, secular and ecclesiastical, refused to admit his title.

"He (Philip de Valois) completely defeated the Flemings, and, leaving 16,000 dead upon the field of battle, reduced the country to obedience." (p. 33.) The truth, however, is, that the whole force of the Flemings before the battle commenced was 16,000 only; and that 3000 escaped. (See Froissart, vol. i.—the Continuation of Nangi—Villani—Meyer—Sismondi, x. 23.)

The insinuation that Philip VI. was not sincere in assuming the cross, is at variance alike with authority and with reason. The best historians of the time express no distrust of the intention; and to suppose that he would wantonly assume an obligation from which a large sum of money only could release him, is certainly somewhat irrational. Philip was as much a bigot as any man in his kingdom: perhaps more so; for his past crimes had made his conscience ill at ease; and, in the superstition of the times, he hoped, by an expedition to Palestine, to atone for his transgressions.

"The price of wheat (says Mr. James) appears to have varied on ordinary occasions between 4s. and 6s. per quarter, during part of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century." (Note, p. 96.) That the ordinary price was much above that sum, is certain; we doubt whether it ever was so low. That its average was 8s. may be proved from several wills and inventories in different Antiquarian collections. It is 8s. in the inventory of John Fitz-Marmadale, Lord of Horden, and in the will of a Percy of the same period, viz. the reign of Edward II.

Mr. James is very severe on the native historians of Germany: he will not allow them either good style or learning, either diligence or accuracy. He tells us in a note (p. 132) that he has found little accuracy in their "ruggedness of style, and tone of authority, which so often pass for erudition." And in another note (vol. ii. p. 63) he is still more severe:—

"It unfortunately happens, that German historians cannot greatly be depended on in regard to German history, being not always very correct, notwithstanding the laborious dulness and barbarous

style in which so many of them invest their thoughts, and which give an air of authority and erudition that the works themselves do not always justify. It is extraordinary, that while every other branch of literature has been making such immense progress in Germany, that country has not produced one great historian of Germany itself."

So, Pfeffel, and Schmidt, and Mannert, and Luden, and Lembke, and Raumer,—men whose erudition has never been surpassed, and whose style is pure, often elegant, as their diligence is unrivalled, and their criticism searching—are to be thus "whistled down the wind," and consigned to oblivion!

We more than once charged Mr. James with concealing or palliating the atrocities committed by Edward III. and the Black Prince. To select one instance from one hundred:—In the king's hostile march from Valenciennes to Cambray, he proved himself, even by his own account, (see his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Robert of Avesbury) the greatest curse of his age; he evidently exults in his horrible ravages. His men, in their passage, generally "burnt and destroyed the country to the breadth of twelve or fourteen leagues; so that all this region of Cambrensis is very neatly destroyed,—such as cattle, corn, and other substance." Not only did he lay waste the open country; not only did he destroy the cattle, set fire to the corn, and make bonfires of every cottage or farm-house he passed; but the conflagration of whole villages, and even of towns, proved him one of the most ruthless men of his age. And well did he suffer for this wantonness of cruelty. By making a perfect desert wherever he advanced, provisions at length failed him, and he was compelled to effect a dishonourable retreat. In more than one chronicle of the times these atrocities are detailed, so as to make the heart sick—as to make the man who has any feeling for his species, disgusted with "the chivalrous king." But Mr. James has no execration for "this genius of evil." He alludes, in the vaguest possible terms, and in scarcely half a dozen words, to the ravages of the English army.

In relating the great naval victory of Ecluse, Mr. James exhibits little criticism. In asserting, after Froissart, that the French fleet consisted of "400 ships, of which 140 were of the largest class," he outrages all probability. Far more likely is the estimate of another contemporary, who makes them to be about 250. In all such cases, Mr. James generally takes the extreme numbers, if he can thereby increase the glory of his hero. On this subject, the authority of Edward himself, in his letter to his council, written immediately after the battle, ought to have the greatest weight. He reckons 190 of the larger vessels; and, from his words, we may infer that the rest were few and insignificant in size. Again, the fighting men were 35,000, not, as Mr. James asserts, 40,000. We believe that the number of vessels on both sides was about equal, though, in point of size, the superiority doubtless remained with the enemy. With the same inaccuracy, we are told that the three commanders of the French fleet were "three experienced admirals." The truth, however is, that one of them only—the Genoese Barbavara—understood the craft. Had his counsel been followed by his two coadjutors, the issue of the day would probably have been different; but, with the ignorance characteristic of men who had everything to learn, they refused to listen to him, though the least experienced in such matters at the present day must perceive that his advice was that of a skilful veteran. The consequence was such as any one might have foreseen—the victory on the part of the English was complete. And we may here add to the

other errors detected in one paragraph, that Mr. James is no great proficient in the habits of antiquity. Contrary to all preceding writers, who have asserted that the battle of Ecluse commenced in the morning, he makes it commence after mid-day. And on what does he found this variation? On this passage of Edward's letter: "Le samady le jour de seint Johan, bien apres heure de none,—entrames en dit port." Now who told Mr. James that the *heure de none* means mid-day? The probability is, that the expression here means the hour of nine, viz. of nine o'clock in the morning. This explanation is confirmed by the preceding passage in the same letter, where Edward asserts that the day before, *entour hour de none*, viz. about nine in the evening (June 23rd) he came in sight of the hostile fleet, but that the tide not permitting him to reach it, he and his armament lay at anchor the whole night. Now, in the impatience of Edward to engage, would he delay his attack until mid-day? We are, indeed, aware that the Anglo-Norman writers frequently intend by the *heure de none*, the canonical hour of *nones*, which corresponded with three o'clock in the afternoon. The reason is, that while the laity in general reckoned the hours from midnight, the clergy, especially the monastic orders, calculated from six o'clock in the morning, which commenced the canonical day. Hence the third hour, *tierce*, which corresponded with nine a.m., the sixth hour, *sixte*, which answered to twelve, or mid-day, and the ninth hour, *nones*, which was three p.m. In neither case can the hour of *none* be rendered by noon, or mid-day. The fact is, that the usual hour of dinner was nine in the morning, (hence our *noon*) and down to the reign of Henry VII. it was *ten*. We suspect that this translation of *afternoon*, for *apres heure de none*, will not strengthen the reader's faith either in our author's deep acquaintance with the Norman French or the habits of our ancestors!

In asserting that either French or English volunteers were present in aid of Don Alfonso, at the great battle of Tarifa, Mr. James directly opposes the historians of Spain—historians, be it remembered, with whom he professes to be acquainted. Villasan, the contemporary chronicler, expressly asserts, that besides a few Portuguese, the king had no auxiliaries, no troops but his own; and the reason is given—because there was no time for procuring allies: "*Otrosi catando las cosas desta batalla que fué cerca de Tarifa, como este rey Don Alfonso de Castiella et de Leon, que la venció, non ovo tiempo para se apercebir, nin para poder llamar algunas gentes de otros regnos, nin fuesen a esta batalla con el, sino los de su señorio*," &c. Equally inaccurate is the statement that the Moorish force at this battle has been estimated at 600,000. We cannot believe that such exaggeration has ever been made, even by historians addicted to exaggeration. Villasan gives, merely as *hearsay*, the number of 470,000—viz. 400,000 foot, and 70,000 horse. The reader of Mr. James's history is likely to be led astray by a third statement—that the account of the Moorish loss varies from 200,000 to 450,000. Villasan—the only contemporary authority,—gives the first of these numbers, but he gives it as *hearsay* only,—evidently without placing much dependence on it: "*Et algunos oves ovo que dixieron que podian ser los muertos mas que docientas veces mille personas*." If we take into consideration the number who died in the pursuit no less than in the field, the number who perished in the river, and subsequently in the streets, on their return to Africa, we do not think 200,000 much beyond the real loss. At all events, a Mohammedan historian, nearly contemporary—Abu Abdalla—admits that loss

to be prodigious and unexampled: "*Infortunium alterum huic simile Mohametanis nunquam accidisse fertur*." Lastly, so far as the battle of Tarifa is concerned,—who are "the best historians," that "only allow that twenty were killed upon the part of the Christians?" Certainly the authorities for this and other monstrous statements must not be sought among the historians of Spain. Villasan, indeed, mentions twenty; but then they were *knights*,—*de los de caballo*: he does not say what number of infantry perished.

Mr. James, it appears, cannot believe that the mathematics were well understood in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We, on the contrary, hold that they were as profoundly studied then as now, though not so generally. That the Arabian writers, the best mathematicians the world has ever seen, were well known, is expressly asserted by John of Salisbury, and, if our memory does not deceive us, by Joseph of Exeter: certainly Roger Bacon exhibits an acquaintance, not only with the mathematicians but the philosophers of Arabia, and of Mohammedan Spain, which no man in Europe, during the last three centuries, has possessed: and we appeal to every scholar who has had much experience in our ancient MSS., whether treatises on these sciences—treatises, too, involving no ordinary knowledge of the subject—are uncommon. The truth is, that superficial inquirers into the literary and scientific history of the Middle Ages, have a pitiful notion of the attainments made by the scholars of those ages. If we go even farther back than the period to which Mr. James alludes,—to centuries which we generally term darker,—we shall find that the mathematical sciences were well understood. Bede himself was no contemptible geometrician: his commentator, Bridferth, monk of Ramsey, was probably as great a mathematician as any man of the present day.

Neither will Mr. James allow that logic, metaphysics, or moral philosophy, existed in any other than a degraded, corrupted, absurd state throughout Europe. Now, that metaphysics were never more profoundly cultivated than in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, will be admitted by all who have the slightest acquaintance with Albertus Magnus, Thomas à Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Alexander Hales, and others. Anselm, a century before Albertus, was as eminent in this science as he was in moral philosophy; and we may add, that our public libraries yet contain numerous MSS., the subjects of which evince a metaphysical capacity unequalled in the present times. Before Mr. James ventures to write on such subjects, we advise him to read the authors on whose merits he so confidently decides.

But our limits will not allow us to dwell any longer on the first volume of this history. We have not, however, noticed one half of the blunders we have marked in our notes; and sure we are, that if we had leisure to follow the author step by step, we should discover ten times more than we have yet observed.

In our second notice of this history, we not only complained that the general tone of the narrative, regarding the expedition of the Black Prince into Spain, was calculated to mislead, but we pointed out a full score of blunders in respect to the most ordinary facts; and that there might be no room for cavil, we indicated the Spanish authorities by which these blunders might be rectified. Here we shall not detail them a second time—we refer to the notice itself. How does Mr. James reply to these charges? He does not so much as notice any one of them! He carps, indeed, at some other statements in the review—statements which have nothing what-



ever to do with his own history; and he attempts to answer three or four other charges connected with that expedition; but he carefully refrains from directing the reader's attention to the most extraordinary series of blunders ever committed by historian. But we trust that all who may chance to read these 'Observations,' (which we understand have been widely circulated,) will refer to the second notice in the *Athenæum*, and they will find, by contrasting them, good reason to admire the policy, no less than the historical research, of Mr. James. However, the three or four charges which he does advert to, shall now be briefly considered.

The first in the second notice was, that Mr. James had not sifted the evidence respecting some alleged circumstances attending the surrender of Calais. This he indignantly denies, and, to disprove it, asserts that he has devoted—two whole pages to the critical examination! Yes, reader, two whole pages! We need scarcely observe, that neither two, nor two hundred of ordinary pages, would suffice for the purpose. We did not indeed expect that the author could spare so many sheets; but we did, and do, think that, in his appendix, he might have assigned fifty pages, in a small type, to the investigation of a subject so interesting to *Englishmen*. However, we intend, on a future occasion, to revert to that subject; and certain we are, that we shall prove, without much difficulty, that Mr. James has not read even the authorities to which he refers.

Mr. James denies that the lordship of Montpellier was given to Charles the Bad, in return for the surrender of that Prince's rights over Champagne and Brié; and asserts that it was given in consideration of the surrender of Mantes and Meulan. The fact is, that it was given for both these possessions, though neither party was sincere in the treaty.—Charles of France wishing the renunciation to be considered as complete; Charles of Navarre referring to the Pope as an arbitrator in regard to claims which he was resolved never wholly to relinquish. Such, at least, is the account of the native historians of Navarre; and we see no reason to distrust its accuracy. So far, we may add, were the rights of the Navarrese king over Champagne and Brié from involving "one of the most difficult feudal questions on record," that there never was a plainer case; the kings of France themselves had acknowledged those rights; and nothing but the wantonness of superior power, of an all-grasping ambition, prevented the surrender of those provinces. Secousse, in his *History of Charles the Bad*, (tom. i. part 2,) recognizes their validity; and agrees, that, after Charles had been put in possession of Montpellier, (a possession soon afterwards unjustly wrested from him,) the French monarch sanctioned the reference to the Pope, in regard to Champagne and Brié—provinces which he did not, and could not, deny belonged to his kinsman, but which he was fully resolved should never be ceded. In short, throughout the annals of history, fruitful as they are in injustice, there is none to be compared with the injustice of the French monarchs towards those of Navarre.

In another paragraph Mr. James is right: in terming Sir Oliver de Mauny one of *Edward's generals*, we were wrong. Unlike Mr. James, we have great pleasure in confessing that, in this instance, memory deceived us. We wish he would show equal candour.

The other charges of Mr. James have no reference whatever to those made against his *own book*—they are on subjects quite extraneous; but we will notice them.

We are censured for observing—quite incidentally—that the Black Prince was appointed Duke of Aquitaine immediately after the sur-

render of Calais. "The battle of Poitiers, won by the Black Prince, who immediately after the surrender of Calais was appointed Duke of Aquitaine, is too well known to be noticed." (*Athenæum*, p. 668.) Fifteen years, says the author, intervened between the two events. Well, how does that concern the accuracy, or inaccuracy, of Mr. James's history? How does an unimportant fact so incidentally, and indeed needlessly, referred to, concern the review? Our meaning, indeed, was—though the passage, as such unimportant passages sometimes are, was loosely and hastily written—that he was appointed Captain-general of Gascony; and this appointment took place, not immediately, indeed, as Mr. James judges by his stop-watch, but within half fifteen years.

Again, Mr. James will not allow that the Black Prince advanced near Montpellier. We never said that he did; but that the country was laid waste "to Montpellier" by his ruffian followers. That they advanced very near to Montpellier, is expressly asserted by a Catalan chronicler, and, we believe, by the local historian of Carcassonne. Mr. Turner (*History of England*, vol. ii. p. 208), whose accuracy, as to facts, we have often admired, says, "The people of Montpellier fled to Avignon for safety; and the Pope, who resided there, doubting his own security, had all the gates of his palace covered with iron." Perhaps the statement of this writer, who refers to Avesbury, might be present to our mind more than either the chronicler or the local historian. For another statement which Mr. James impugns, we also relied on Mr. Turner. "His holiness offered the prince money to spare Perigord. Edward answered that his father had plenty of money, and did not want that; but that he would do what he came to perform, which was the chastisement of those who were in rebellion against his right." (vol. ii. p. 208). This is flatly contradicted by Mr. James,—we believe (though Robert of Avesbury is not before us, and we have no disposition to lose time in procuring the book,) without the least shadow of justice. At all events, if the statement be wrong, Mr. Turner, and not ourselves, must bear the blame. We did not, and we do not, think it worth while to examine the original authorities as to either of these statements, since they did not in the least degree affect the subject under review, and since, as before observed, they were incidentally made.

The sum and substance of these 'Observations' is, that Mr. James has detected, in our notice of his book, two errors. Owing to lapse of memory, we have called Oliver de Mauny a partisan of Edward's; and Edward, Duke of Aquitaine, when he was only Captain-general of Gascony! These are the only concessions we have to make; in everything else we adhere to our original statements: we have not, besides, one expression, one word, to retract. He is, as we have before said, quite welcome to whatever advantage the concession may afford him. We must again, however, request the reader to observe that the objections of Mr. James have nothing to do with the vindication of his book from the charges we brought against it—that they were quite foreign to the subject.

And now to other objections: we ask him why he did not reply to any one of the full score of blunders we noticed in reference to the Black Prince's expedition into Spain, and the tragical end of Pedro the Cruel? There is the exposure, unanswered, and unanswerable,—a fact sufficiently evinced by his cautious silence. Couple these blunders with the score which we have added in the present paper, and which, we venture to assert, are equally unanswerable, and what opinion can be formed as to the accuracy of Mr. James's history? And let it not be for-

gotten that, for want of room, we have been compelled to omit the great majority of the charges we had prepared: and yet that number, formidable as it is, we could quadruple, if we had leisure for the investigation. As, to some readers, this may appear an assertion too sweeping to be true, we will, notwithstanding our confined limits, throw together a few more of his inaccuracies.

Alluding to the excesses of the Scottish king in England, prior to the battle of Neville's Cross, Mr. James observes, that "fortunately for the honour of human nature, they are by no means proved." (vol. ii. p. 3.) There is something amazingly bold in this direct contradiction of all contemporary writers by a writer of the present day. Without referring to a host of them—without adducing one, at least, of Scotland, who admits these excesses—we shall particularize one witness in evidence of the charge, who could not be ignorant of the fact, since he was present at the time. This was the prior of Durham, who, in his letter to the bishop of that see, giving an account of the Scottish incursion, and of the great battle which terminated it, is sufficiently clear:—"Partes Angliæ invadentes, eas incendiis et feralibus gladiis circumquaque, per quas fecerunt transitum, crudeliter devastarunt, vix parentes sexui aut ætati." One instance of their atrocity may be particularized,—the massacre of the garrison of Liddell.

Mr. James is inclined to reject the received date of this battle—viz. October 17, because the news, he says, was in London on the 20th. The received date, however, is correct:—"In crastino die," adds the same eye-witness, "videlicet, xvii Octobris," &c.

Equally erroneous is the statement, that the Bishop of Durham and Queen Philippa marched to the field. The letter, in question, of the prior to the absent prelate, giving an account of the battle, is surely evidence enough for his absence. And as to the queen, had she been present at, or near to, the field, the circumstance would doubtless have been noticed by the prior. The truth, however, is, that so far from hastening "into Northumberland,"—which even Froissart does not assert that she ever approached,—she did not even enter the county of Durham, and had only advanced a little north of York, when news of the victory reached her.

"The two armies encountered each other at Neville's Cross, within a few miles of Durham." Any local history would have told Mr. James that Neville's Cross is within one mile of Durham. If this be a trifling error, it is surely as important as our "immediately."

John Copland, the captor of King David, was not the obscure person Mr. James represents him: he was a gentleman by birth and fortune; and if he was "a border rider," so were the Percys,—so were the Douglasses. Seven years before the battle, we find him receiving a portion of the rents from the manor of Edrington, in Berwickshire. Twice, in 1343, and again in 1344, he was of consequence enough to be nominated one of the Commissioners of Array.

The Black Prince did not, as the author asserts, take the towns of Carcassonne and Narbonne; he took only the suburbs of those towns.—(See Bouges' *Hist. de Carcas.*, and Sismondi, *Hist. Fr.* x. 425.)

Not only the Cardinal de Perigord, but also the Cardinal of St. Vital, were despatched as legates by the Pope to effect a reconciliation between the King of France and the Black Prince, previous to the battle of Poitiers.

The Duke of Orleans, with his 16,000 men, did not flee from the field at Poitiers; he only took his post—certainly through fear—behind the division of the king.—(Froissart, chap. 359.)

The arch-priest, as he is called—he was, how-

ever, no priest at all—Arnaud de Cervelles, did not dine “somewhat forcibly with the Pope.” On the contrary, he was, says Froissart, expressly invited to the honour.

In asserting that the Duke d'Anjou was “jealous of his younger brother, Philip, on whom his father, about this time, bestowed the rich appanage of the duchy of Burgundy,” the author is as erroneous as in a hundred other places. The Duke knew nothing, and could know nothing, of this gift, for it was kept secret.—(See De Barante.)

But ample as are the notes we have made on the errors of this history, we cannot continue our strictures upon them. We have, we are sure, said enough, and more than enough, to justify the censure we passed on some parts of the work. Our original intention was to show, what the utter silence of the author confirms, that he was ignorant of the Spanish authorities.† We did not then attempt to expose his blunders in regard to French and English history. The publication of these ‘Observations’ has led us to be somewhat more particular than we designed; and though we have yet much that we could say—much more, in fact, than we have said—on the subject of his extraordinary mistakes, we have, we are sure, written enough to acquaint the reader with the true character of the ‘History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince,’ so far as facts, and deductions from facts, are concerned. Whether the blunders which we have indicated were to be expected in a work, the manuscript of which has lain by the author “five years,” we leave to the reader’s consideration.

*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean in 1833-4-5, under the Command of Captain Back, R.N.* By Richard King, M.R.C.S. &c. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE salient features of this book are implied condemnation of the opinions and plans acted upon, and wrought out by former discoverers, and an insinuated complaint of personal neglect shown to the writer. Mr. King has gathered together his journals, seasoned them with some vexation of spirit, and here laid them before the public. We shall not enter upon the grievances, real or misconceived, which have made him dissatisfied; nor shall we here discuss his own plan of organizing a further and less expensive expedition; neither, having once gone over the ground fully with Captain Back, shall we a second time trace, step by step, the route pursued and the perils endured, and the discoveries made by the exploring party. All then, that remains to us, is here and there to extract a passage or description, which strikes us as being a little less familiar than its neighbours; and as upon Mr. King devolved the duty of naturalist, our fragments will, for the most part, assume the form of a series of sketches of natural history, and will require no connecting words to link them one to the other.

To begin with the sketch of a wolverine, whom Mr. King’s party encountered while encamped by the Clear-water river:—

“In the course of the night the buffalo-skin covering one of the bags was torn off and carried away by a marauding wolverine, whose footmarks were so well defined in the sand, that with little difficulty we tracked it to the base of a hill. On one of the projecting lines at the top we soon espied the arrant thief, feasting in conscious security upon the stolen

property. Mr. Annance thought it so favourable an opportunity for using his rifle, that he was about to retrace his steps for the purpose of fetching it, when, on a second view, the distance was found to be too great. We contented ourselves therefore with hallooing as loudly as possible, which was resounded again in echo; yet the cunning animal was so well aware of its safety, that it never for a moment desisted from its feasting. The pemmican had been left untouched,—a piece of good fortune that was only to be attributed to a sudden alarm,—as the habits of the wolverine are not only predatory but mischievous; and, aided by amazing strength, they frequently commit depredations that to a stranger might appear quite incredible. As a proof of the power of these animals, Hearne mentions, that on one occasion during his residence in North America, the greater part of a pile of wood, measuring upwards of seventy yards round, had been entirely disarranged in the course of a few weeks by a single wolverine, for the purpose of securing some meat that had been placed there *en cachette*; though amongst the pile there were many trees sufficiently large to require two men to lift them. The fact that a work of such labour was here executed by a creature not larger than a setter, might have been questioned; but having taken place during the winter season, the impressions that were discovered on the snow placed it beyond all doubt.”

Here follow a few more fragments of similar nature:—

“The *fiber zibethicus*, or musk-rat, builds a small conical house with a mixture of clay and earth, which it raises on the mud of the marshes, and frequently upon the surface of the ice. It sometimes, however, spares itself that trouble by inhabiting the same lodge with the beaver, which it very much resembles in many respects, but particularly in its fur. It has a long tapering tail, flattened from side to side, with which it steers itself. The house covers a hole in the ice, which permits the animals to go into the water in search of the roots on which they feed. In severe winters, when the small lakes are frozen to the bottom, and they cannot procure their usual food, they prey upon each other. The musk-rat is very prolific, producing three litters in a season, and breeds at a very early age. Nearly half a million of their skins are imported annually by the Hudson’s Bay Company, which are bought up by the hat-makers, and substituted for beaver-skins, although very inferior in quality. \* \*

“The *coregonus albus*, or white-fish, is an inhabitant of all the interior lakes of America, and celebrated for the delicacy of its flavour. Several Indian tribes subsist upon it; and it forms the principal food, at many of the fur posts, for eight or nine months in the year. Although it is a rich fat fish, instead of producing satiety, it becomes daily more agreeable to the palate; so much so, that, though deprived of bread and vegetables, those who make use of it as daily food are never tired of it. The colour of the flesh is bluish white, changing when boiled to a pure white; whence its appellation of white-fish. When in season, it is loaded with fat, particularly between the shoulders, where it forms quite a hump; the stomach is extremely thick, and considered a sweet morsel by the voyageurs. In October, the ‘attihawmeg,’ as it is called by the Crees, or the ‘poisson blanc’ of the Canadians, quits the lakes, and enters the rivers to spawn. It has some resemblance to a herring; and, like that fish, dies speedily when taken out of the water. Its usual weight is from two to three pounds, though sometimes it has been caught weighing seven or eight. The fish are taken in winter in gill-nets after an easy method; as many holes are made in the ice with a chisel, at a distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, as the length of the net may require; when a line is passed beneath them by means of a long pole, and readily conveyed from one hole to another with the assistance of a forked stick, until it arrives at the last. The net is then strung upon the line, to either end of which a large stone is fixed, to keep it from expanding, and rising from the bottom with every waft of the current, as it otherwise would do. In overhauling or searching a net, the two extreme holes only are opened; when the line is veered away by one person, while the net is hauled from under the ice by another. In angling for fish in winter no other process is required than that of

cutting a round hole in the ice, from one to two feet in diameter, and letting down a baited hook, which should be kept in motion, not only for the purpose of preventing the water from freezing round about it, but the more readily to attract the attention of the fish.” \* \*

“The American field-mouse, *mus leucopus*, soon became an inmate of our dwelling; several of these I succeeded in trapping, and kept in a wooden cage during the winter. The gait, and prying actions of this little creature, when it ventures from its hole in the dusk of the evening, are very similar to the domestic mouse. At a temperature below zero they keep in their lurking-places. Those I succeeded in trapping were males, a circumstance I could not but remark, for out of a hundred there was not a single female. This little animal has a habit of making hoards of grain and small pieces of fat, which, instead of being found in its retreats, are generally deposited in a shoe left by the bed-side, a night-cap, or an empty keg; and in one case I found a quantity of rice in the pocket of a coat hanging in my room, which had been brought from the store, and must have passed through two apartments. Although they possess no regular pouches, their cheeks will admit of considerable extension, much more so than in its English representative, the *mus sylvaticus*, which it greatly resembles. The fur of the upper part of the body is very fine, short, and of a light brown colour, terminating along the spine with a narrow black mark, while the under parts are white. Its length varies from three to four inches, of which one-half may generally be allowed for the tail. The hind feet are long, and it thus possesses the power of making extraordinary leaps. I have witnessed them leap three feet perpendicularly. A remarkable instance of the instinctive knowledge of this pretty little animal is well worthy of remark. At the top of the cage wherein the mice were kept was a small door, through which, on one occasion, I was introducing food, when one more bold than the rest, immediately seizing the opportunity, made an attempt to escape; this, however, was not only prevented, but the offender secured by one of its hind legs to the hinge of the door, where it was allowed to remain suspended by way of punishment. On approaching, after the lapse of about five minutes, to release it, I was not a little astonished to find several of its companions clinging to it, whose additional weight in the course of a few seconds afterwards actually rescued the little prisoner.”

“We were favoured with the company of a little visitor, the *strix funerea*, or American hawk-owl, which appeared hovering round our fire after its accustomed manner. This small owl, which inhabits the arctic circle in both continents, belongs to a natural group that have small heads destitute of tufts, small and imperfect facial disks, auditory openings neither covered nor much exceeding those of other birds in size, and considerable analogy in their habits to the diurnal birds of prey. It winters in the high northern latitudes, and is very common throughout the fur countries, from Hudson’s Bay to the Pacific Ocean. That it is more frequently killed by the hunters than any other bird, may be attributed to its boldness and habit of flying about by day. When the hunters are shooting game, this bird is occasionally attracted by the report of the gun, and is often bold enough, like the *strix nyctea*, on a bird being killed, to pounce down upon it, though, unlike the large species, it may be unable from its diminutive size to carry it off. In the summer season it feeds principally on mice and insects; while in the winter it mostly preys upon ptarmigan, and is a constant attendant on the flocks of those birds in their spring migrations to the North.

“Sinclair, in his passage from the Athabasca to Great Slave Lake, succeeded in killing a large-sized skunk, *mephitis americana*, var. *hudsonica*; which, from the circumstance of its having been found beyond the 61st parallel, is extremely interesting, as the limit reached by that animal was supposed by Doctor Richardson not to exceed the latitude of 56 or 57 North. A considerable number of animals of the genus *mephitis* found in America, owing to a difference in the number and variety of their stripes, have been described by authors as so many distinct species; but Baron Cuvier is of opinion that, in the present state of our knowledge of these animals, we are not warranted in considering them otherwise than as

† Take another illustration of this fact, in a note, vol. i, p. 102:—“Alphonso died of the plague before Gibraltar, in March 1350, according to Matteo Villani, Mariana, and others.” Why quote Villani,—why Mariana, for such a fact? Why not recur to the contemporary chronicler Villan:—“Et fino vienes de la semana sancta, que dicen de indulgencias, que fue a veinte e siete dias de Marzo en la semana sancta antes de Pasqua, en el año 1350.”



varieties of a single species; and of these varieties he has enumerated fifteen.

"The animal now under consideration, which possesses long black hair, with a broad white stripe along each side, and a bushy tail, according to Richardson comes nearest to the description of the *tierra mephitis* of Gmelin; the *chinché* of Buffon; by which latter name it is known in Peru. Owing to the defence with which nature has furnished the skunk, and which has already been alluded to, some of the early French settlers most justly named it *l'enfant du diable*, others, *bête puante*, and the Swedes *fakatta*. The fluid which this animal has the power of ejaculating to a distance of several feet produces so stifling a stench, that those persons whose clothes have become tainted with it are denied the rights of hospitality even by their relatives and friends. Kalm is said to have been almost suffocated by the odour of one which was pursued into a house where he was staying; and other persons have been so affected by the vapour as to continue ill for several days. Indians have been known to lose their eyesight in consequence of inflammation produced by the fluid having been thrown into them by the animal. The brute creation have a like dread of its effluvia: cattle will roar with agony; and the tracking-dog, which hunts it eagerly at first, no sooner feels the effects of a single discharge of the nauseous liquor, than it retreats with the utmost precipitation, and by way of purification runs its nose into the ground.

"One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the skunk would be the last animal selected by man for his companion; but, far from this, I am given to understand that it is often tamed, and follows its master like a dog. It occasionally hibernates under the snow, but more frequently passes the winter in some of the Indian *caches* and feasts upon the industry of man. On removing the stones covering a hoard of provision, the animal, attracted by the noise, makes its appearance, when it may be readily killed by a sharp blow on the nose with a small stick. After this manner Mr. McLeod informed me that he had killed several; and on no occasion had they discharged the noisome fluid which they secrete. I was subsequently informed by the Indians, that the skunk, when suddenly killed, is incapable of using the powerful defence with which nature has endowed this otherwise harmless animal. When thus deprived of life, if the bag containing the fluid, which is situated at the root of the tail, is instantly taken out, the flesh of the animal is highly esteemed and the skins made into tobacco-pouches."

"A solitary pine-martin (*mustela martes*) was discovered by Ross near Parry's Falls; a great rarity in the neighbourhood of the barren grounds, the thickly-wooded districts being most congenial to its habits. In the pine-forests it is found in such vast numbers, that upwards of one hundred thousand skins are annually imported by the Hudson's Bay Company. The fur of the martin, owing to its fineness, has always been an important article of commerce, being frequently sold for sable; and, when dyed, for other expensive furs. It is in the highest order in the winter time, when the lustre of the surface is considerable; but at the commencement of summer, the dark tips of the hair drop off, which alters its colour to a pale orange-brown with little lustre, and consequently, as the darkest skins are most prized, of but little value. These animals appear periodically in vast numbers; which the hunters regard as a forerunner of heavy falls of snow, and a season favourable to the chase.

"The martin preys on mice, hares, small birds' eggs, and partridges; a head of the latter with the feathers being the best bait for the log-traps in which this animal is taken. When pursued and its retreat is cut off, it shows its teeth, sets up its hair, arches its back, and makes a hissing noise like a cat; and although it may be soon sufficiently tamed to acquire an attachment to its master, it never becomes altogether docile. They burrow in the ground, carry their young about six weeks, and bring forth from four to seven in a litter, about the latter end of April."

To these we may add a passage touching the climate of the extreme North, which, it would seem, is intended to prove that the terrors of an Arctic winter have been greatly exaggerated.

"As the severe weather was by this time over, and

I had seen the thermometer on the 17th of January 102° below the freezing-point, had slept in an atmosphere of 82° below, 'under the canopy of heaven,' with a single blanket for a covering, and had had some experience in snow-shoe walking, I may be allowed to make a few remarks upon the intensity of cold in the inhospitable regions of the North, as they are termed. During a calm, whether the thermometer stood at 70° or 7° minus zero, was to me in sensation the same; and although I have experienced a difference in temperature of 80° from cold to heat, and *vice versa*, in the course of twenty-four hours, still its change was not sufficiently oppressive to put a stop to my usual avocations. I have been shooting grouse at every range of the thermometer, from the highest to the lowest point, wearing the very same clothing as in England on a summer's day, a fur cap, moccasins, and mittens excepted, instead of a hat, tanned leather shoes or boots, and kid-gloves. Merely a cotton shirt was sufficient to protect my breast from the most intense cold that has ever been registered; and notwithstanding my waistcoats were made double-breasted, I never felt sufficiently cold to be under the necessity of buttoning them: neither flannel nor leather was worn by me in any way. It must be understood, however, that I am only speaking of the temperature during a calm, or when the atmosphere is but slightly in motion. The lowest descent of the thermometer would not prevent my making an excursion of pleasure; but a higher temperature by 40°, accompanying a stiff breeze, would confine me to the house: the sensation of cold, as I have said before, depends so much more upon the force of the wind than upon the state of the thermometer. Such endurance may appear incredible to those persons who have read each ponderous quarto as it issued forth, fearful in aspect as in subject; and it is no wonder. I was astonished at myself, while sporting in a country always portrayed as unfit either for man or beast; but, what was my astonishment, when, hopping before me from bough to bough, the lesser red-pole caught my sight,—the little bird that so frequently adorns, in England, the cottager's room! If so small a creature can find the climates of England and Great Slave Lake equally congenial to its constitution, surely man may exist there. A sudden transition from heat to cold produced cramps; a fact well worthy the notice of those persons who are subject to that painful disease,—for an extra blanket or two, and a trusty thermometer to indicate when to put them on and pull them off, may save much excruciating pain and many restless nights."

The second volume is, perhaps, more varied in its matter than the first—we shall take from it a passage or two concerning the habits, intellectual powers, and superstitions of the Indians, which are accompanied by some considerations as to the best mode of civilizing them, and ameliorating their condition.

"They possess a laudable curiosity, which might easily be directed to the most important ends: they are, for instance, well acquainted with the anatomy of those animals which they seek either for food or for the sake of their furs.

"Nor are they deficient in physiological knowledge: for they very readily answered many questions I put to them upon that subject. With the effect of wounds I found them particularly familiar: they were aware that an injury done to some of the organs of the animal frame caused either an instantaneous or lingering death, while a more severe wound to others would merely produce temporary inconvenience; and the frequent appearance of cicatrization, both in the stomach and spleen, convinced them of the correctness of their judgment.

"In the formation of their canoes, snow-shoes, and calumets, they have shown themselves by no means inferior mechanics; and although the tools used by an Indian merely consist of a hatchet, knife, file, and awl, they are so dexterous in the use of them, that everything they make is executed with a neatness not to be excelled by the most expert artificer, assisted with every instrument he can wish. Thomas Hassel, whom I have mentioned before as an educated Chipewyan Indian, succeeded in making a violin at Fort Reliance that would not have been discreditable to those who have learned the trade.

"Mere imitation, however, does not satisfy the North American Indian; his aim is to equal the white man: and in several cases the Indians have succeeded in that desire. I have already mentioned one instance of an Iroquois at Fort Chipewyan who played the violin by note; and Hassel made such progress on the flute, by means of an instruction-book with which I furnished him, that in less than a month he could play three tunes with tolerable accuracy. They also possess a great facility for acquiring different languages: for they very commonly speak three; and I have met with some that could converse in four—viz. the English, French, Cree, and Chipewyan tongues; and they are all more or less gifted with wit and penetration. There cannot be a greater proof of the latter forming a part of their character than the remark of Tsénthirry, a Chipewyan, to Mr. McLeod, who, some time after he had refused to supply him with a gun, was attempting to instil into his mind some religious and moral impressions. 'That is good,' said the Indian, with a heavy sigh; 'and if the chief wishes to teach us in that way, let him show that he fears the Great Spirit, and sell me a gun to hunt with, for my family are starving.'"

"Old Soul, a Chipewyan, and renowned warrior in his youthful days, freely and cheerfully related to us the tradition current among his tribe with regard to the creation, being in substance as follows:—The Indian did not pretend to give an opinion in what way man got into the world, but commenced by saying he made his first appearance during the summer months, when the berries were abundant on the earth, upon which his subsistence entirely depended. As soon as the winter set in, the snow inconvenienced him in so great a degree, that in accordance with the trite adage, 'necessity is the mother of invention,' he at once conceived the formation of the snow-shoe. After the lapse of a short time, the birchen frames were perfected; but as he could not net them, for that was a woman's work, they remained unfinished in his lodge; from which circumstance his labour was very much increased, and the chance of gaining a subsistence became every day more precarious. One day, on returning to his hut, a noise as if some one was working at the snow-shoe frames attracted his notice; and, upon a nearer approach, a wood-partridge flew from the opening at the top, which at that time he paid little regard to. The succeeding day he sallied forth on another hunting excursion; and having remained out until quite dark, his attention was suddenly drawn towards his hut by the appearance of volumes of smoke issuing from it. Returning home with all speed, he perceived a wood-partridge again make its escape: and on entering the tent, found his snow-shoes more than half netted, and carefully placed beyond the reach of a fire that was blazing inside. Suspecting the partridge had effected all this, though in what manner could not be divined, he determined to secure it if at all practicable; and with this view the roof of the tent was carefully closed prior to his departure on another hunting trip, which he took a few days afterwards. It occurred to him that by returning earlier than usual the bird might be taken by surprise; he therefore approached the door of the tent with the utmost caution, and was fortunate enough, by that means, to cut off the retreat of the partridge, which instantly became metamorphosed into a young wife; whence the world soon became peopled.

"His rude idea of the confusion of tongues, which is a generally entertained opinion throughout the tribe, was related somewhat after this manner:—For several generations after the creation there existed only one language; but, owing to an unfortunate circumstance, that harmony was soon destroyed. A number of children assembled together, having exhausted all the games they had been accustomed to play, were at a loss how they could further amuse themselves. Having observed and participated in the joy that invariably spread itself through the whole camp on their parents killing and cutting up the several animals of the chase, they agreed among themselves to go through the ceremony in play. One of the juveniles was accordingly hung after the manner of strangling the deer when caught in a snare, until he ceased to live, and the body immediately afterwards divided into several portions. Each, laden with a share, proceeded to the respective tents

of their parents, and related the droll game they had been playing. The horrid deed so shocked them, that they were not only utterly confounded, but rendered incapable of comprehending each other, and in consequence separated into far-distant countries."

The making and breaking up of encampments—the phenomena of the *Aurora Borealis*—the *Esquimaux*—with the *et cetera* of portages, pemmican, deep snows, and rein-deer skins, which must be brought forward to complete the required number of pages in a work on Arctic discovery, are here again described, and not unpleasantly. Mr. King, however, labours under the disadvantage of coming last in the race; it remains to be seen, whether the expedition he so earnestly recommends in his concluding chapter, will be attempted; if this should be done, we shall look for the next narrative he gives us with more interest than has accompanied us while threading our way through these two volumes.

*The Statistics of Sweden, from Public Documents*  
—[*Statistik von Schweden, &c.*] By Carl af Forsell, &c.

[Second Notice.]

NEXT to agriculture, the mines of Sweden constitute her chief source of wealth. The rocks, of which the mountains are composed, altogether of primitive, or of the older secondary formations, promise little for the fertility of the soil, except in the limestone districts. At Kolmorden the limestone takes the appearance of a fine green and white marble. The alum slate of Sweden yields something to the national industry. In some places it is found to contain from 14 to 16 per cent. of combustible matter, so as to serve for fuel in preparing alum and burning lime. Coal, in small quantity, makes its appearance near the southern extremity of the peninsula. But to compensate for this superficial poverty (as it may be termed) of the mineral kingdom, nature has scattered, in prodigal abundance, throughout the whole length of Sweden, that most useful of all metals, iron. The mountain Gellivara, in Lappmark, 1800 feet high, is one immense mass of the richest iron ore (yielding from 70 to 80 per cent.), alone sufficient to supply the wants of mankind for many ages. But its situation within the polar circle (in lat. 67° 20' N.), far from the sea, and in an unpeopled wild, deprives it, in a great measure, of its value. In various parts of Sweden, however, are hills of a similar description, and islands of compact iron ore are met with on the coast. The copper mines of Sweden are much less productive now than formerly; those of silver also scarcely repay at present the cost of working them.

The importance of the iron mines of Sweden was recognized ages ago by the government of that country; and under the complete protection which they enjoyed, the privileges and encouragements lavished on them, the art of working iron soon attained among the Swedes a perfection almost unknown in the rest of Europe. That relative superiority, however, is now lost; and the Swedes are, in many instances, contented to re-purchase their own iron after it has been manufactured by foreigners. A curious instance of the unscrupulous and successful manner in which corporate bodies have been heretofore wont to represent their own interests as those of the state, and paramount to all other considerations, is thus related by our author:—

It is not enough that the mining interest, besides many weighty privileges, should have a tribunal and administrative board of its own: it has also obtained from the crown, for a trifling payment, permission to use large tracts of forest; and no inconsiderable share of the land-tax of the peasant has been converted on the hardest terms into the obligation to burn charcoal, and carry it to the foundries. As corporations in general well know how to give cur-

rency to their own claims, it is not surprising that the iron-masters secured themselves by prohibitive decrees against foreign competition. One instance, of a hundred, of the extreme intolerance with which manufacturers, in former times, guarded their interests, must not be passed over. In the time of Gustavus I., of Charles IX., and of Queen Christina, that is, about the years 1530, 1608, and 1650, there were brought from Rautalambi, and other places in Finland, a number of Finnish families, in order that, as industrious and hardy colonists, they might inhabit and cultivate the extensive wastes which border on Norway, and which are to this day called, in Dalekarlia and Wermland, *the woods of the Finns*, and where some thousands of their posterity still dwell. In the course of a century these colonists increased to such a degree, that their settlements were thought to encroach on the vast tracts of unmeasured woodland, to which the iron-masters laid claim; and these, therefore, procured a royal edict, commanding the extirpation of the poor colonists with fire and sword, as wild beasts; if a peasant treated them compassionately, or allowed them to conceal themselves in his wood, he was fined forty pieces of silver for the first offence; and for a repetition of it, was punished with death. There has been room enough long since in those deserts; and there can be no doubt, that the cultivated fields of industrious men would be, in every respect, preferable to woods for charcoal. The proper object of a good government is, to have the greatest possible number of enlightened, moral, industrious, and thriving people.

The mining interest of Sweden pays, in direct taxes to government, in respect to the value of its property, only one-fourth as much as the landed interest; or, in other words, the mines and their appurtenances, being equal in value to one-fourth of the land (not exempt from taxes) in the kingdom, pay no more than a sixteenth of the sum contributed by the land; and as it has been already shown, that an unjustly large share of the land-tax falls on the peasant, we have here another proof, that even in countries where the spirit of liberty is most lively, legislators are too apt to mistake their private interests for those of the nation. Colonel Forsell, indeed, deals very gently with that influential body, the mining interest, and concludes, that with less encouragement than is now extended to them, they could not carry on their business: but is not this fact an additional proof of what has been proved again and again in every country, viz. the inefficacy of the bounty system? If a particular interest be favoured to a degree oppressive to the rest of the community, and it cannot, after all, realize a profit on its operations, it is not the necessity, but the folly, of such encouragement, which we have a right to infer. About the year 1683, the quantity of iron forged in Sweden, in one year, amounted to 9690 tons; in 1695 it was 29,760 tons. Within the last century, an increase has taken place in the production of Swedish iron; but not in proportion to the general development of commerce and industry throughout Europe. The annual production of iron amounted, between the years

1751—1760	328,766 Swedish pounds.*
1761—1770	330,830
1771—1780	352,751
1781—1790	409,519
1791—1800	383,346
1801—1810	353,524
1811—1820	359,501
1821—1830	309,121

The production of some years, however, considerably exceeds these averages: thus, in 1802 it was 509,828; in 1815 it amounted to 507,596; and in 1831 to 463,501 Swedish pounds.

Now in England, in the year 1740, the total quantity of native iron wrought did not exceed 17,000 tons; in 1827 it was 690,000 tons, or more than ten times the annual produce of Sweden. In the same year, the manufactured iron exported from this country exceeded

92,000 tons, and for the following eight years (up to 1834 inclusive, where our information terminates,) it increased at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum. About 12,000 tons of iron are annually imported into this country from Sweden, but this is chiefly for the manufacture of fine steel, and, under the existing commercial system of Sweden, this importation does not admit of indefinite increase. The Swedish iron, particularly that from the mines of Danamora, about 40 miles north of Upsala, which do not yield, however, above 1,500 tons in the year, is remarkably well adapted for the manufacture of steel; but, for the general purposes of casting, in which such enormous quantities of iron are consumed, it has no superiority; and the system, which has the effect of raising its price, keeps it from the market. The antiquated principle of political economy, that a state ought not to part with its raw produce, is still acted on in Sweden with respect to iron, the ore of which is not allowed to be exported. At the same time, the Swedish iron-founders are aware of their great inferiority to the English in the treatment of the ore, and in vain attempt to imitate their skilful and scientific processes. In fine, it appears to us, that only a slight change is required in the commercial relations of Great Britain and Sweden to enhance greatly the value of the timber and the iron of the latter country, (two articles of which the consumption is limited only by their prices,) and, with a little shock to particular interests, to add considerably to the wealth of both nations.

The manufactories of Sweden were, in 1824, only 1177 in number, and employed but 8156 workmen. The value of their manufactured produce was about 900,000*l.* In 1831 the number of manufactories was 1834, and that of the persons employed in them was 12,143. The value of their production was about 1,200,000*l.* This low state of manufacturing industry cannot be ascribed to want of public encouragement, for the Swedish government has been always lavish of bounties to the manufacturer, levied, for the most part, on the agricultural peasant. A want of factories is more to be deplored in a country where the climate forbids the labours of the field during six or seven months in the year. In Great Britain about one-third of the entire population is employed in manufactures; in Sweden, not above a two-hundred-and-fiftieth part. Our author observes—

It may seem, to many, absurd to compare Sweden with the rich and powerful England; but it must be remembered, that 300 years ago London had only 327 merchants, and Stockholm had 209. The Swedish navy consisted, at that time, of thirty-five ships of war, and the English of only thirteen; in most other respects the two nations were nearly on an equality.

Coarse linens are the chief manufacture of Sweden. English machinery, for the spinning of wool and cotton, has been introduced into that kingdom, but the experiment is too recent to warrant a decided opinion as to its ultimate success. Where the sum total of the manufactures is so trifling, we may be easily excused the labour of detailing the respective importance of their various branches.

The general trade of Sweden is in almost as low a state as its manufactures, and, if we may judge from the earnestness with which our author repeatedly inculcates some elementary truths of political economy, its depression is to be chiefly ascribed to the ignorance and inaptitude of the people. We find him constantly attacking and overturning the old-fashioned axiom respecting the balance of trade, and the danger of allowing the imports of a nation to exceed its exports.

The following (says Col. Forsell) may be taken as general principles: 1st. That in respect to trade, the

\* The Swedish pound is equal to 2½ cwt., or 7½ Swedish pounds make one ton English.



whole earth may be considered as being inhabited by one people; and each nation as a single individual of that people. 2ndly. That no trade can be carried on with loss; for were this the case it would soon cease; and where the merchant gains, the whole nation gains. 3rdly. That complete freedom from restraint and interference, can alone give trade its greatest extension, and the best direction for the employment of capital and the industry of a nation.

The merchants of Sweden, in 1831, were 3080 in number; with clerks, apprentices, &c. amounting to 3158 persons. This statement announces at once the insignificant trade of the country. The imports of the kingdom amounted in 1825 to 13,587,138 R.dollars.\* The Exports to 12,228,382

From this table it is manifest that the imports generally exceed the exports, or, in other words, that the balance of trade is against Sweden. We quite agree with our author, that the loss arising from this balance of trade is merely imaginary, but it is, nevertheless, indirectly productive of much real mischief, when it excites shallow statesmen to interrupt the natural course of things, and fetter commerce in order to avoid a chimerical evil. The trade with Finland (and still more that with Norway) is one in which the imports much exceed the exports, and yet it is a trade of great importance to Sweden.

The mercantile shipping of Sweden amounted in 1831 to 1122 vessels, or 137,514 tons. In 1833 the British ships trading to the Baltic were 1573 in number, amounting to 292,160 tons. The political and commercial code of Sweden, strongly tinged with feudal barbarism, attempts what is impracticable, when it endeavours to encourage production, while it willingly resigns the great mass of the people to comparative poverty. Manufactures are not likely to rise into importance in any country, if they have not a good home market to support them in their infancy. On this subject our author makes the following observation:—

It is generally assumed that the foreign trade of England, however great it may be, is yet not above an eighth of its home trade. In the North American Republic the proportion of the foreign trade is not nearly so much. I fear that in Sweden, if one may venture a conjecture on the subject, the inland trade is hardly worth a third of the foreign. The great extent of the country, the thin population, the difficulty of communication, and the prevalent maxim, that every house should provide for all its own wants, will prove for many a day insurmountable obstacles to the movement of a brisk commerce. And yet trade may be said to bear, in the body politic, an analogy to the circulation of the blood in the human body. Cold climate is not the only cause of the slow circulation of the vital fluids, such as takes place in amphibious animals: ancient usages, oppressive taxes, deeply-rooted prejudices, and unsound principles of public economy, have no small share in producing the lethargic habit and morbid languor of the social system.

In the year 1825 the inhabitants of all the towns in Sweden taken together amounted to 279,645 souls, or about one-tenth of the population of the kingdom. Stockholm had 79,173 inhabitants; Gothenburg 26,702; Carlskrona 11,943; and the other towns were little better than villages. From the comparatively small proportion of the population dwelling in towns, may be readily inferred the primitive character of the Swedish people; but this topic, more fertile in suggestions than may at first sight be imagined, shall furnish us with the material of a another paper.

\* The Swedish Riks dollar is worth nearly 4s. 10d. English; the Riks dollar Banco (paper money) is equal to about 1s. 8d. of our money.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Life and Works of William Cowper*, by Robert Southey, L.L.D.: Vols. 7 & 8.—In the first of these volumes the letters of the Poet are brought to a close, and are followed by a treasure of notes and illustrations, in which the taste and research of the editor are eminently conspicuous. If Dr. Southey be, at times, somewhat credulous in lending an ear to, and somewhat diffuse in dwelling upon trifles of no great authority or importance, it is a fault on the right side, and one which (thanks to the charm of his style,) will rarely be charged against him. The eighth volume, in which the poems are begun, includes the Olney Hymns,—‘The Anti-Thelyphthora,’ (a satire, the authorship of which was long questioned),—‘Table-Talk,’—‘The Progress of Error,’—other didactic and minor pieces; among the last, the Poet’s early love-verses addressed to his cousin, Miss Theodora Cowper, whom the scruples of her father prevented his marrying, and who, according to Dr. Southey, must have been the ‘Anonymous,’ whose delicate liberality was constantly extended to him during the later years of his life. The illustrations to this edition maintain their high character. We do not, it is true, quite like the *pastiche* of portraits which opens the seventh volume, but then there is a lovely vignette of East Dereham, and a portrait of Cowper’s last young favourite ‘Johnny of Norfolk’; while, in the eighth, we find a flattered likeness of some cottages at Olney—a prospect of the same town from ‘the poplar field,’ were the poet had bid—

—farewell to the shade,

And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade; and a sketchy portrait of Lady Hesketh, which has something in its air and expression better than beauty.

*A Country Curate’s Autobiography; or Passages of a Life between a Living.*—This autobiography is another sign of the times. We had not long since a word or two to say upon the ravings of fanaticism; had we space and leisure to spare, we might (taking these stupid volumes as our text) here throw out a word or two on the grumblings and discomforts of the orthodox. A slight and straggling narrative describes the false position in society wherein every poor curate finds himself placed, and the difficulties of his situation; but the facts, reminiscences, and anecdotes are too clumsily grouped to produce any effect. In these, as a framework, is set much controversy; and it is doing the latter no wrong, to add, that it is as confused, as tedious, and as inconclusive, as the narrative part of the story.

*Songs and Lyrical Poems*, by Robert Story.—The hot politics contained in some of Mr. Story’s songs sold a first edition of his book within a fortnight, and have raised him up friends and bemoaners. But with these we have nothing to do. The volume contains many pretty and delicate poems besides its Conservative melodies. Here, for instance, as a specimen, are some sweet and easy words to ‘Robin Adair,’ which, often mated with verse as it has been, has rarely found itself in pleasant company.

*Winter is Gone.*

Grim in his sullen cloud  
Winter hath flown;  
Smiling in triumph proud  
Spring hastens on;  
Hark! in her laughing train  
Comes the cuckoo again,  
Sounding the victor-strain—  
“Winter is gone!”

Sprinkled along the lea  
Young flowers are blown;  
Green leaves bedeck the tree,  
Newly put on;  
Primrose and daisy gay  
Bloom by each shady way;  
Birds sing on every spray—  
“Winter is gone!”

But by the greenwood bough  
Wandering alone,  
Mary, I miss thee now;  
Why hast thou flown?  
O! what are new to me  
Bird, flower, and blooming tree?  
Ne’er can they tell, like thee,  
“Winter is gone!”

*The Son of Duplicity*—is far too deep for us. We have tried the book once—twice—a third time, without being able to make way in it, or coming to a clearer notion of its contents, than that it is a tale of ancient days—the scene laid in Sicily—the heroine called Alzaida, and her wicked lover, (the ‘Son’

aforesaid,) who is well-skilled in false pretences murders, and abductions, a descendant of the Cyclops, bearing the grand name of Hamiliades.

*Two Months at Kilkee*, by Mary John Knott.—Mary John Knott has turned two months at a remote Irish watering place to pleasant account. Her little book, it seems, is published with the benevolent intent of calling attention to the state of the peasantry at Kilkee, which she describes as being wretched and neglected; and her descriptions of scenery and cottage life, read all the more agreeably, for a touch of that Quaker preciseness, which makes her pertinaciously talk of ‘Killrush,’ built on the property of Crofton Moore Vandeleur, and describe ‘Mount Pleasant, the seat of Joseph L. Cox.’ Mary John Knott ought to be enlisted as a guide by all who visit the part of Ireland where Kilkee is situated.

*Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons—Winter*, by the Rev. Henry Duncan.—This is the first section of a year-book, for the use of the young, something on the plan of Sturm’s *Reflections*, but infinitely less turgid in style, and more various in matter. As far as we have looked over it, it appears well done; and, while it is sufficiently explicit in its inculcation of pious thoughts and lofty aims, so clear of all sectarianism, that the Catholic and the Unitarian might with an equally easy conscience put it into the hands of his children for their daily perusal. The frontispiece and vignette by Miller, after Montague Stanley, are exquisitely finished.

*The Christian Lacer; or, Materials for Thinking in a Christian Spirit.*—The first paragraph in the preface of this little book is somewhat startling.—“Thinking is a spontaneity—we cannot help it.” We fear that, in spite of the carefully selected materials which Mr. Martin offers to the public, nineteen-twentieths of his readers will turn over its pages, and accept what they contain as dogmas to be implicitly believed in, rather than as questions to be argued out.

*A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations*, by Richard Abbott, F.R.S.—We are saved the trouble of looking into this work, as the author has obligingly forwarded us a review for our “valuable publication,” in which we are made to inform the public that such a treatise was much wanted. Further, “that it has sometimes excited our surprise, [how Mr. Abbott knew this, we are at a loss to conceive,] that in a country, mechanical beyond all others, no translation of Poisson’s ‘*Traité de Mécanique*’ has appeared;” and Mr. Abbott adds, “that perhaps this hint may not be lost upon the author of the present treatise;” from which we infer that Mr. Abbott is preparing such a translation. Mr. Abbott then sets forth an analysis of the work, which his publishers inform us, in a note, he has been at some pains in drawing up; and then makes us conclude, after the following serviceable fashion:—“Throughout the work the wants of the student seem to have been as much consulted as possible, by the many elegant examples which it contains, and we have no doubt [?] it will find its way into the hands of the higher students at our universities.”

*List of New Books.*—The Great Metropolis, by the Author of ‘Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,’ 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Raumer’s Political History of England, Vols. I. & II. 8vo. 30s. cl.—Portugal and Galicia, by an English Nobleman, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—The German Tourist, 1837, 8vo. 15s. mor.; large paper, 30s.—Morison’s Family Prayers for every Morning throughout the Year, imp. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Sentiment of Flowers, 2nd edit. 6s. cl.—T. S. d. silk.—Crusikbank’s Comic Almanac, 1837, 2s. 6d. swd.—A Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a Beloved Sister, 2s. 6d. cl.—De Tocqueville’s Democracy in America, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Knights of Aristophanes, with Notes, by Mitchell, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, 2 vols. 8vo. new edit. 24s. bds.—Joplin’s Examination of Report of Joint Stock Bank Committee, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—3 persons’s Lessons on the Doctrine and Practice of the Roman Catholic Church, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Whewell’s Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, 5th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sturm’s Morning Communings with God, 4th edit. 6s. cl.—Carleton’s Traits and Stories, Vols. IV. & V. 18mo. 5s. each, cl.—Flowers and Fruit from the Old English Garden, royal 32mo. 2s. cl.; 2s. 6d. silk.—A Whisper to Newly Married Pairs, 7th edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—Todd’s Journal, 18mo. new edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—Essays on Conversation, 18mo. new edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—Esther Murr, by Mrs. Godwin, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Basil Harlow, by Mrs. Godwin, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Nature Considered as a Revelation, by the Rev. R. Bayley, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Backwell’s (Mrs.) Mother’s Practical Guide, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

WE deferred any mention in our last Number of the extraordinary voyage of the Vauxhall balloon, in the hope that we might be able to lay before our readers to-day a more complete and accurate account of it than we were then possessed of. The strong interest which has been felt in all parts of the kingdom in the expedition, demands an accurate statement of the plan, and accomplishment, of it, as can be obtained; and, we believe, the following account will be found to contain some facts with which our readers have not been hitherto made acquainted.

The undertaking originated with Mr. Hollond, and was agreed on about a month previous to the ascent.

The balloon belongs to the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and may be said to be under the command of Mr. Green, who unites much practical, and even scientific, knowledge, with a cool intrepidity which is unrivalled. He had long entertained a desire to make a voyage from London to the continent, but hitherto had neither possessed a balloon of sufficient size to accomplish it, nor had met with any gentleman who was willing to freight his vessel. When the expedition was decided on, he immediately turned his attention to the rendering the balloon as perfect as possible, and providing it with such apparatus as he considered would be useful, and likely to diminish the danger of the experiment. It was Mr. Hollond's wish that the intended excursion should be kept secret, and nothing more was known (except by a few friends of the aeronauts) than that Mr. Green meditated a trip across the channel.

The balloon was newly varnished, in order to make it as air-tight as possible, and, in addition to the usual apparatus, was provided with some instruments which it may be interesting to describe. The unsteadiness of the wind, and the possibility of its changing before the voyage was completed, was the thing which the aeronauts had most reason to fear: they considered they could keep in the air for a fortnight, but it would be by no means agreeable to be travelling for a long time over an expanse of water without knowing when they might have a chance of landing; and, to guard against this accident, they took with them a very clever apparatus, which has not yet been explained. It consisted of three thin copper vessels, each of them containing ninety-eight pounds of water, which served as ballast, and might be poured out when necessary; these vessels were attached to ropes connected with a windlass, which was fastened across the narrowest part of the car with a flat plank of wood, that might be used as a table. To the copper vessels weights were intended to be attached, whenever it was expedient to use the apparatus, the object of which was to anchor, or to stay the balloon on the sea. Thus, if the aeronauts found themselves going at a rapid pace over the North Sea or the Atlantic, and considered it prudent not to continue their voyage, they intended, on a fitting occasion, (such as the approach of a ship), to lower the copper buoys, exhausted of their water ballast, but with their weights attached to them, and, by letting out small quantities of gas, gradually to descend until the copper cylinders reached the water. As soon as they rested on the water, the balloon would be relieved of a portion of its weight, and would neither descend lower, nor ascend higher than the length of the rope to which the buoys were fastened; or if, by the gradual escape of gas, it showed a tendency to sink, it might be kept stationary, by throwing out, from time to time, small quantities of ballast. The travellers would thus be enabled to hail a ship, and to receive assistance. The aeronauts also took with them a compass, a sextant, charts, a chronometer, an excellent day and night telescope, a speaking-trumpet, a ship's lamp, which was suspended to the hoop, and some lights, which were intended to assist them in ascertaining the country over which they might pass at night. These lights were to be fired, and suspended by a long rope to the car; and were said to be capable of burning with such brilliancy for several minutes, as to exhibit to the voyagers the earth at a considerable depth. We have heard that they were used at night-fall, as the balloon passed over the Channel, and were seen between seven and eight o'clock, over the opposite

shore, when it was too dark to observe the balloon without their assistance; the atmosphere in which it was travelling was, however, beautifully illuminated, and the balloon, with its net-work and car, were distinctly visible. We can conceive nothing more beautiful than the appearance which it must have presented. Besides the instruments and apparatus which we have mentioned, Mr. Frederick Gye had constructed a very simple and useful little machine, to ascertain at night whether the balloon was rising or sinking, with more nicety than could be found from the barometer. It consisted of a box partially open at the top and bottom, in which was enclosed a wheel, delicately hung on its axle, with one wing or paddle attached to it. The pressure of the atmosphere, in sinking, from below,—and, in rising, from above, would cause the wheel to turn in different directions, which was shown by an index, which it worked on a dial. The voyagers were also provided with passports to the different countries of Europe in which they were likely to descend, with an excellent larder provisioned for a fortnight, and with plenty of warm clothing for the night. The proprietors of the balloon were desirous that a third gentleman should make the voyage, considering that it was more likely to be safely accomplished by three persons than by two; and they proposed that Mr. Monck Mason should be of the party, to which Mr. Hollond readily assented.

After waiting several days, the morning of Monday, the 7th instant, seemed to be propitious; there was a favourable wind, accompanied by fine weather; and the inflation of the balloon commenced at half-past seven. The writer of this narrative, being a friend of one of the aeronauts, witnessed the ascent, than which few things could be more interesting, whether we consider the perfection of the machine and its apparatus, the novelty of the undertaking, or the desire which was felt for its success and for the safety of the intrepid voyagers. About half an hour was spent in arranging the ballast, apparatus, and provisions in the car, and in registering the exact weight of every article. It was almost ludicrous to see the carpet-bags and other accompaniments of travelling which were handed in; many of these were suspended to the hoop; and, after an excellent stowage was made, the three voyagers entered the car, about half-past one o'clock, in the best spirits, and with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure, and accompanied by the cheers of the few friends who were assembled around them, ascended, and were soon lost to their view.

The balloon, taking a south-easterly direction, crossed the Medway about three o'clock, was nearly over Canterbury at four, and about a mile to the eastward of Dover at twelve minutes before five. Here the aerial travellers wrote a short note to the Mayor of Dover, informing him of their progress, which they dropped in a parachute. About an hour afterwards they were seen near Calais, but from this time, until last Monday morning, no further tidings were heard of them. The interest which had been excited in the public mind was beginning to change into anxiety for their safety, when letters were received informing us of their descent, near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, at half-past seven o'clock on the morning after their ascent. They passed over the country near Namur, and must have crossed the Rhine, near Coblenz, about day-break. Two of the voyagers were well acquainted with this country, and we doubt not that they would recognize the Rhine and Ehrenbreitstein, and that they knew where they were going. It is singular that Frankfurt was one of the cities near which Mr. Hollond was desirous of descending.

We look forward with some anxiety to the receipt of a more detailed account of this interesting adventure, the perfect accomplishment of which must have realized the most sanguine expectations of the gentlemen who undertook it. It is no matter of wonder that it should have excited the public attention with such a lively interest, for, to say the least of it, it has furnished a fact which is quite new in the history of man—that of his having travelled a distance of from four to five hundred miles in the short space of eighteen hours, or, in other words, having travelled, in that period, a distance which is not usually accomplished in six times as many hours. And what could have furnished the mind with more

sublime impressions than a voyage through the trackless air during the whole of a dark night, with the mysterious uncertainty, which the travellers must have felt, as to the region through which they were sailing, when nothing but the little car in which they were shipped, a portion of the magnificent machine above them, and a star or two twinkling above, was visible. W.P.

Since the preceding narrative was written, the author of it has received from Mr. Hollond the following short, but most interesting journal of the voyage, in a letter dated Weilburg—Nassau, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1836.

This letter renders our narrative complete.

Time.

½ p. 1 ..... Ascended.

12 min. bef. 3.—Crossed the Medway, leaving Rochester about 6 miles to the left.

5 min. aft. 4.—Passed 2 miles to the right of Canterbury.

½ aft. 4....—Saw the Sea.

12 min. bef. 5.—Left England, about 1 mile east of Dover Castle.

10 min. bef. 6.—Over France, I think 2 miles east of Calais. It began to be very dark about 10 min. after we were over the Sea, but we did not lose sight of the lights of Dover till we were nearly over France.

10 min. aft. 9.—Barometer 21 inches and  $\frac{7}{8}$ .

20 min. aft. 9.—Barometer 21 inches and  $\frac{7}{8}$ .  
From 20 min. } We passed over several large lighted towns, our altitude varying from a mile to 2 miles.—There were occasional flashes of lightning.

½ past 11 ..—Over a populous district, lighted with numerous furnaces, which I thought to be the neighbourhood of Namur and Liege.

Midnight, by } Very dark—the earth being at the  
London time } same time hidden from our view by an unbroken dense mass of cloud. The stars, which were bright above, showed the extent of darkness below.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

24 min. bef. 2.—Barometer at 21 inches.

From ½ p. 2 } The earth again obscured by clouds.  
to ½ p. 3 }

4 o'clock ..—The clouds having dispersed, we saw extensive plains of mist immediately on the earth, which had the appearance of water; the rustling of the forest leaves at the same time producing a sound exactly like the waves of the Sea. We were aware of each of these effects, and were also pretty confident that we were going in an easterly direction.

5 o'clock ..—There was a slight appearance of day-break.

10 min. aft. 5.—We were at our greatest altitude—the barometer being at 20 inches.

20 min. aft. 5.—Day-break began to dim the stars on the eastern part of the horizon—the morning star shining brightly about 25 deg. above.

½ after 6 ..—The day-break was now beyond every thing magnificent. We had not descended above a quarter of a mile from our greatest altitude.

½ past 7 ..—Descended.

N.B. This is all London time.

Mr. Hollond says, "we have had a delightful excursion, and have been most hospitably received, the whole town being delighted with our having descended here. They have lent us the military riding school for the balloon. It is singular enough that Blanshard descended here about fifty years ago, when he ascended from Frankfurt."

Mr. Hollond does not mention in either of his letters the cold experienced at night; but we hear that it was felt acutely by his fellow-travellers. The inhabitants of Weilburg were only convinced of the truth of the assertion of the aeronauts, that they had left London on the previous afternoon, by their producing the London newspapers of that day.



## FALL OF SNOW AT CANTON.

[The following letter gives many interesting particulars of the meteorological phenomenon which so startled and astonished the good people at Canton.]

Canton, 8th Feb. 1836.

My dear H.—I write you under the inspiration of a most unprecedented meteorological event—the phenomenon of a very heavy fall of snow in Canton. I awoke an hour and a half ago, and could not believe my eyesight. Huge and thick flakes of real snow, not white paper, summoned me from my warm bed; and, on looking out, sure enough the whole scene was “winter in its roughest mood,” the snow on every house-top two, three, and four inches deep, and in the corners and ridges of course much more. The thermometer in our southern verandah was then standing at 37°. There was a light air from the north, in which direction the wind has been, without intermission, for three days past, sometimes blowing hard. Five or six days ago the wind was from the S.E., a most unusual circumstance in this monsoon; and the weather was so mild then, that we breakfasted with open windows; and a water-excursion in the evening was by no means unpleasant, even to the idle steersman in the wherry. But though the change was rapid, and the cold all yesterday very intense, no one predicated the length it would go. The thermometer yesterday was 47° in the morning, and rose to 51° and 52° during the day.

The astonishment and mirth among the Chinese, not one of whom about us has ever beheld snow before, is unbounded. And the elders of our European society are at this moment, in the ecstasy of revived associations, pelting each other with snow-balls from the house-tops with all their might. On one of these terraces, which may be no more than 25 or 30 feet square, they have rolled a snow-ball which stands three feet high; so you may judge how considerable the fall has been. I think it must have been snowing before midnight, to have accumulated as it has done. The circumstance is certainly unprecedented here within the memory of man,—whether any record of its occurrence in former time exists, remains to be seen. I can as yet learn, or perceive, nothing at all out of the natural course of our season in other respects, save the few days of S.E. wind a week ago, as above mentioned.

8½ A.M.—The snow ceased falling about half an hour ago; and the sun has now burst forth on the scene, and perfected its magnificence. The river is a very curious feature in the landscape. The huge mat-sails of the junks fold up so massively that they retain large volumes of snow on them. The Chinese have now taken to pelting each other in the streets! There goes a large avalanche from some of the fellows' hands on our house-top, down into the street below; and a louder shout of applause from the million. Merry rogues! A poor Bengalee servant found his way to our house-top, to collect some snow to show to his Parsee master, who did not dare to leave his bed; and the man's exotic appearance in such an employment, and particularly the incongruity of our Bengalee conversation in the midst of it, was very strange.

Since writing the above, a few hours ago, the thaw has commenced, and the last trace of snow, which will perhaps never again be beheld here, will have disappeared. Mingqua, a very venerable old Chinaman, has just called, and says he never heard of such an occurrence before, as snow in Canton. Being himself of this province, this is the first time he has ever seen it in his life!—I am, &c. J.C.S.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. NOTE-BOOK OF A SOLITARY THINKER.

A good story is a good thing; but a story well told is a better. There is an old proverb concerning eatables, which says, “God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.” A similar remark may be made concerning narratives or stories. What myriads of good ones are spoiled for want of being well told; and what an infinite variety of ways there are in which a good story, as well as a good dinner, may be spoiled. In proportion as a good story may be spoiled by being badly told, so may one which has nothing in it be made exquisitely interesting by being well narrated. Stories abound, super-abound—all the world is full of stories—every man, woman, and child that you meet in the streets, are but so

many pages of anecdote, so many living romances. Shakespeare, who wrote plays, said, “All the world's a stage;”—so may a novel writer say, “All the world's a circulating library.” People talk about the dull routine of ordinary existence—the quiet, commonplace monotony with which the mass of mankind pass through life:—there is no such thing as quiet, commonplace monotony—every life is full of incidents, and every heart is full of feelings; but they are not all published. *The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.*

When a man can no longer enjoy a holiday, he can no longer enjoy life—the world is to him a perfect blank. The blessedness of boyhood is in its holidays, and all our pleasant recollections of youth are the recollections of its holidays. We may grumble a good deal as we go rumbling along the rough road of life; but still we have some practical gratitude in our constitution; and we are tolerably apt to remember what was pleasant; for it is by the remembrance of the pleasant past that a man becomes a *laudator temporis acti*. It is on this principle that old people fancy that the summers of their youth were all sunshine, and their winters fine bracing frost and gloriously deep snow: they forget the long, shivering, cloudy weeks that frequently make more than half our summers; they forget the damp, drizzling days that compose the miserableness of winter. So is man's recollection of his schoolboy days; he forgets the Lexicon and the Gradus, the awful false quantity, the untranslatable classic; his recollection is of the long, joyful holiday, the boisterous outbreak from school, the luxurious bath beneath a glowing sun, the skating, and the manly wielding of the cricket bat—these are the school recollections, and these are holiday thoughts. Blessed be the memory of him who invented holidays! Man lives for holidays alone: he would regard the desk and the counter as no better than the tread-mill, were it not for his holidays: they are his life, they are the end and object of all his labour, and, without them, the ordinary occupations of business would be an absolute punishment. Who does not remember—however he may forget life's literalities—who does not remember the holiday feeling—the sensation of an undefined rapture, when the sun has shone brighter than ever it shines now-o'-days—when the houses, and the trees, and the fields, and the horses, and the hedges, and the ditches, and the sheep, and the cattle, were all alive and laughing—when the world was a picture, and life was a dream—when the earth on which we walked was unfeeling, and when everything without, and every feeling within, was just as it should be? I am really afraid that we are growing too wise, and that we are getting into the notion that nothing is useful but utility; and that the only object of utility is beef and broad cloth.

Many are man's hypocrisies, and countless are the conventional falsehoods that float about in the bustle of society, as unheeded as motes in the sunbeams, or as animalculæ in water: it is only when they are microscopically examined that we become sensible of their hideousness and monstrosity.

Every one has heard mention of the common herd; but it is not so easily found, marked, and defined, as it is talked about. It is gratifying to one's vanity not to belong to the common herd; but it would be more gratifying to one's understanding, could we clearly apprehend what is meant by the phrase, and who are decidedly included in it. With all due deference to superfine folks and superior people, I cannot help thinking that there is no such thing as the common herd. I have never yet met with an individual that belongs to it; for take any one you please, and examine him closely, you will be sure to find in him something that distinguishes him from the common herd. Good reader, did you ever read the advertisement of a novel, the keen-eyed publisher of which had detected in the reviews something of a merciful character? And have you not found, that when nothing else could be said in praise of the book, it has been pronounced superior to the common run of novels? Perhaps there never was a novel published that was not pronounced, by

some critic or other, superior to the common run; and, in like manner, there is scarcely an individual in the world who has not, in his own eyes, or in the eyes of his friends, a something to distinguish him from the common herd.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE noticed a short time since, that letters of the 2nd of July had been received from Colonel Chesney, announcing his safe arrival at the Port of Bussora, all well, and that he was then waiting for the mail from India, to return to England. By the Bombay papers of July 24, it appears that the *Hugh Lindsay* was to be despatched immediately from thence to Bussora, with despatches to be conveyed to Colonel Chesney, who was then to proceed direct to England, and we trust we shall soon have to announce his safe arrival here.

Rarely have the announcements of publishers been more numerous, never have their performances been less than at the present moment. But, in addition to the standing list of works “just ready,” there are a few at hand—one in particular—which may make critics prick up their ears, and fancy that the bright days of a fresh Waverley novel, and another canto of *Childe Harold* are about to return. Mr. Lockhart's “*Life of Scott*” is said to stand as on the threshold: the first of the six monthly volumes, of which it is to consist, will appear, we are told, early in 1837. Our comic writers, too, are preparing to welcome the new year, with a perfect riot of merriment. Messrs. Boz, and Rookwood, and Mr. Colburn, each being about to start his monthly magazine of frolic and fantasy on the first of January. We cannot but speculate how far these rival periodicals run a chance of sharing the fate of the *historical cats of Kilkenny*. Besides his forthcoming play and history, Mr. Bulwer, we hear, is about to publish a new romance in one volume splendidly illustrated, “*The Siege of Granada*.” Mr. Turner, too, we should think, had found occupation to his mind in illustrating Moore's “*Epicurean*.”

At length a stir is beginning to be made among us, regarding the question of universal copyright. The first step may be said to have been already taken in a petition addressed to the American Congress, which has been recently drawn up, and will be forwarded so soon as it has received a sufficient number of signatures. In this, the glaring absurdity and injustice of the present state of things, which permits the English author's work to be republished, mutilated in a foreign land, without profit to himself, or power of hindrance on his part, is briefly and ably set forth: the recent efforts (as yet fruitless) made by an English firm of publishers in New York, to secure his rights to the writer, are instanced, to prove that in spite of intentions most positively expressed, and precautions most warily taken, this international robbery continues to be hourly committed. It is further well urged, (to quote the precise words of the petition)—“That American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labours: under which grievance American authors have no redress but in sending over their works to England to be published, an expedient which has become an established practice with some of whom their country has most reason to be proud.” The force of this clause has been already felt on the other side of the water, and the evil ably pointed out in the *Sketches of Transatlantic Literature* by the Rev. T. Flint, which appeared last year in our columns.

This is all as it should be; but the matter ought not to rest here: corresponding petitions should be presented to our houses of legislation, not merely for the revision of the copyright law at home, but for the wider purpose of protecting the interests of the English author on the continent, and the continental author in England. An unanimous effort on the part of our literary men is all that is required. The subject has been lately under consideration, both in France and Germany, and the governments of these countries would, we believe, be willing to co-operate with us.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday the meetings of the Royal Society commenced for the session; Francis Baily, Esq., V. P. and Treas., in the chair.—The greater part of the evening was occupied in the reading of the abstracts drawn up by the Secretary, of twenty-two papers, presented to the Society at their last meeting in June, and in the announcement of the donations received during the summer.

Charles Holland, M.D., Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., Samuel Solly, jun. Esq., and John Urpath Rastrick, Esq., were proposed as candidates for election into the Society.

A paper was read, entitled 'Researches in the Integral Calculus, Part II,' by H. Fox Talbot, Esq., F.R.S.

G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal, John Bostock, M.D., Rev. George Peacock, M.A., William Haseldine Pepys, Esq., and the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., were, by ballot, appointed auditors of the Treasurer's account.

It was resolved unanimously, "that this meeting feels great pleasure in congratulating His Royal Highness, the President of this Society, on the happy restoration of his sight, a blessing which they sincerely hope he may long enjoy, for his own happiness, and for the benefit of science."

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 14.—Sir John Barrow, President, in the chair.—This being the first meeting for the season, several new members, including Lord Yarborough, Vice Admiral Sir John P. Bercsford, Capt. the Hon. Dudley Pelham, and ten others, were proposed for election.—Baron Charles Hügel, of Vienna, and Count Gräberg de Hemsö, were elected Foreign Honorary Members; and a long list of donations was announced, many of them very valuable.

Extracts from several papers were read:—

1st. Sketch of the surveying voyages of H. M. S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, from 1825 to 1836, by Captain R. Fitz-Roy, R.N. Of the former part of this survey, viz. that of Tierra del Fuego, and the south-western coast of Patagonia, by Capt. P. P. King, an account has appeared in the pages of the *Athenæum* for the year 1831: resuming the survey in the autumn of that year, Capt. Fitz-Roy commenced with the right or southern bank of the wide *Rio de la Plata*; every mile of the coast thence to Cape Horn was closely surveyed and laid down on a large scale. Each harbour and anchorage was planned—thirty miles of the *Rio Negro*, and two hundred of the river *Santa Cruz*, were examined, and a chart was made of the Falkland Islands—to the westward of Cape Horn, from the 47th degree of south latitude, as far as the river Guayaquil, a distance of more than 3000 geographical miles; the whole coast of Chile and Peru have been surveyed; no port or roadstead has been omitted. "Traced copies," says Capt. Fitz-Roy, "of the charts of coasts adjacent to Buenos Ayres—of the whole coast of Chile, and of the greater part of the shores of Peru, were given to the respective governments of those countries before our vessels left their territories, and long before the original documents could reach England." This is, we believe, an instance of liberality without parallel in the whole annals of maritime survey or discovery. From South America the *Beagle* hastened to that classical spot, Otaheite; thence to New Zealand, Sydney, Hobart Town, King George's Sound, Keeling Islands, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, Ascension, Bahia (in Brazil), Pernambuco, Cape Verd Islands, Azores, and arrived at Falmouth in the beginning of October; having completed a very valuable chain of chronometric measurements, the result of twenty-two chronometers, for the entire circuit of the globe. In the course of these five years much interesting information relating to the Patagonians—the natives of Tierra del Fuego, (three of whom returned to their native country from England on board the *Beagle*)—of the Galápagos Islands—of Otaheite, &c., was obtained, for which we have not space; yet the following extract must find room.—"What a fertile country is the northern Island of New Zealand; and how fast the character of that land and its inhabitants is changing! An Englishman may now walk alone and unmolested about any part of the northern island, where, ten years ago, such an attempt would have

been a rash braving of the club and the oven, English and American houses are scattered near the Bay of Islands; and settlers are rapidly increasing. All this is chiefly due to the Church Missionary Society. Nothing could be more gratifying, than the view of a flourishing agricultural settlement, with good farm-houses, barns, water-mill, mechanics' shops, and large gardens, in the interior of the northern island. I was astonished at what I saw, and when a New Zealander came out of the mill, powdered with flour and carrying a sack of corn upon his back, I could hardly believe my own eyes."—We hope ere long to see this highly interesting Voyage announced for publication.

2ndly. Extracts from a journey to the Himmálé Mountains, and to the valley of Kashmir, in the spring of 1836, by Baron Charles Hügel, of Vienna, an eminent naturalist, who has spent nearly six years in travelling, chiefly in India. He says, that Kashmir in a political and financial point of view has been much over-rated; not in a picturesque one. The valley is about eighty miles long, its breadth varying from thirty miles to six,—that is, the actual plains—from the eternal snow of the Pir Panjahl to the Tibet Panjahl, is from fifty to sixty miles, the highest part of the Pir Panjahl 15,000 feet. The population of Kashmir four years ago was 800,000, now not exceeding 200,000 persons: the town contains 40,000. Its revenue last year nearly nothing; this year Runjit Singh demands twenty-three lakhs, which the country cannot pay.

3rdly. The most recent accounts from Australia, noticing the departure of another exploring expedition, under Major Mitchell, to trace the river Darling to its supposed junction with the Murray, and also giving the report of the party sent to search for the late colonial botanist, Mr. Cunningham, who, our readers will remember, strayed from the former expedition; the party succeeded in finding the tribe who had murdered him, and in making prisoners of the murderers; they also found his bones, which they buried, and erected a mound over them, thus no doubt remains that Mr. Cunningham has fallen a victim to his zeal in his favourite pursuit.

4thly.—A letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Wednesday, July 14, in which he states various causes of the delay incurred in prosecuting his journey to Timbuctoo—viz. that the great Cafilah, from Soudán, had been attacked, thirteen persons killed, and many slaves set at liberty; that war raged in Bambara, &c. &c.; but that, in spite of all these obstacles, he had engaged guides, and hoped by the 1st of October to have actually started on his journey to Timbuctoo. He and Abú Bekr, his travelling companion, were quite well. The Sheikh Beyrook, whose influence is all-powerful in that district, had been very civil to him; and we hear that a present of various trifling articles of our manufactures left England on the 14th instant, to ensure his friendly disposition towards Mr. Davidson.

5thly.—A letter from Mr. Schomburgk, dated Sept. 2, George Town, Demerara, announcing that he had that day started on his second expedition into the interior of British Guayana, intending to ascend the river Courantin, (the eastern boundary of the colony,) to its source; thence cross over to the Upper Essequibo, and thus reach the range called the Sierra Acaray, the line of separation, in this part of South America, between the basins of the Essequibo and the Amazons.

6thly.—A letter from Captain Alexander, dated Cape of Good Hope, Sept. 10, stating that he had that day left Cape Town, on a journey to the Dámaras country, on the west coast of Africa, beyond the Orange River. It may be remembered, that eighteen months since Capt. Alexander went to the Cape of Good Hope with the intention of proceeding into the interior from Delagoa Bay, on the east coast, but was delayed by the Caffre war, &c.; in the meantime, Dr. Smith (the account of whose journey will be found in the *Athenæum*, No. 470,) had returned, having explored the country to the north-eastward, at the back of Delagoa Bay; Capt. Alexander, therefore, at once decided upon a new field for discovery, and has selected the Dámaras as the least known. The last missionary station is at the Warm Bath, twenty miles from the Great River; and the only account we have of the country beyond,

† See *Athenæum*, No. 440.

is from the unpublished MS. of the brothers Van Reenen, who endeavoured to penetrate in that direction, but who did not reach any distance. Captain Alexander's probable route will be from the Warm Bath, on the Orange River, to Walvisch Bay, towards Benguela, and sweeping round easterly towards Lattakoo.

7thly.—A letter from Lieuts. Grey, of the 83rd Regt. and Lushington, of the 9th Regt., two young officers who have just gained the highest honours in the Senior Department at Sandhurst, offering their services, to endeavour to cross the whole continent of Australia from west to east, or to explore in any other direction in that country the Geographical Society might point out as the most eligible.

8thly.—An Account of the new Expedition to the Pacific and Antarctic Oceans, which is fitting out in the United States, to consist of a frigate of 36 guns, a store ship of 360 tons, two brigs of 260 tons, and a schooner of 120 tons. The object of this truly national expedition is to examine thoroughly the Pacific Ocean, and, when the season will permit, to push as far south as practicable, to explore the unknown regions of the Antarctic Ocean.

Lastly.—The President announced from the Chair, that he had the gratification to state that he had that day received a letter, mentioning that Capt. Back, in the *Terror*, had been spoken with on the 1st August in Hudson's Straits, lat. 62°, long. 71° W.—All well.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 16.—Mr. Lyell, President in the chair.—The following papers were read:—

1. 'On indications of change in the relative level of land and water in the estuary of the Clyde,' by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, F.R.S. and G.S.

In the West of Scotland are two superficial deposits. The lowest, locally called "till," consists of unstratified clay, confusedly mixed with boulders, and rarely contains organic remains; but stag's horns, tusks, and bones of the elephant, sometimes associated with marine shells, have been found.

The upper deposit is composed of finely laminated clay, overlaid by sand and gravel, and marine remains of existing species occur in every part of it, but most abundantly in the clay.

This stratum Mr. Smith has traced on both sides of the Clyde, from Glasgow to Roseneath and Greenock, at points varying from thirty to forty feet above the level of the sea; and he gives detailed accounts of its characters and organic contents at the following localities. A brick-yard in Glasgow, thirty feet above high-water mark, where he procured remains of six species of living marine shells: the canal from Glasgow to Paisley and Johnstown, in excavating which twenty-six species of existing marine testacea were found, imbedded in the clay: the brick and tile yards around Paisley and in the adjoining parishes: a farm and a hill near Renfrew, which are called Cockle Farm and Cockle Hill, in consequence of the great abundance of cockles: Johnstown, eight miles from the sea, where, in making a well, the bones of sea fowls and fishes, crab's claws, sea weeds, and numerous recent shells, were found: Helensburgh, Loch Lomond, on the shores of which oyster-shells occur at the height of seventy feet: Dalmuir, and the banks of the Firth of Forth.

With respect to the origin of these superficial deposits, Mr. Smith is of opinion that the lower, or "till," was accumulated by the violent, though transitory, action of a body of water; but that the upper was gradually deposited at the bottom of a sea of sufficient depth to protect the sediment from the agitation of waves; and he conceives that the change of level was effected gradually, in a manner analogous to that now taking place on the coast of Sweden, and described by Mr. Lyell in a memoir recently published in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

Of the period at which the change occurred, the author offers no conjecture, but that it was anterior to the occupation of Britain by the Romans, is evident, as the terminations of their wall on the shores of the Forth and the Clyde were constructed with reference to the present level of the sea; and it is worthy of remark, that no human remains or works of art have been discovered in the deposit.

The important question, whether the Fauna and Flora of the period, when the clay bed was depo-



sited, were identical with those of the present epoch, Mr. Smith says it would be premature now to determine. A very great proportion of the species of shells, about seventy in number, abound in the adjacent seas, but a few appear to have become rare, if not extinct, with reference to the coast of Scotland.

The author concluded by observing, that as these deposits belong to the newer pliocene, or most recent formations, every circumstance connected with them ought to be carefully observed and recorded, in order that our researches into the more ancient portions of the earth's crust may be conducted on a sure basis, and with proportionate success.

2ndly.—A paper by Mr. W. C. Williamson, curator of the Manchester Natural History Society, 'On the distribution of organic remains in the oolitic formations on the coast of Yorkshire.'

The principal object of this communication is to give observers in other parts of the kingdom a measure of comparison by which they may determine the extent of change in the organic remains of the oolitic formations, either with respect to the horizontal range of a bed, or the recurrence of species in different members of the oolitic series. The formations were described in ascending order, and, for the inferior oolite, the chief locality mentioned was Blue Wick; for the lower sandstone and shale, the cliffs between Cloughton Wyke and Blue Wick; and, for the great or Bath oolite, the principal localities were Cloughton, White Nab, and Cayton and Gristhorpe Bays.

It is impossible to give, in a brief notice, an analysis of the paper, as the details had reference chiefly to the enumeration of species, and the relative abundance of each fossil in different beds.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, OXFORD.—Nov. 11.—The President, Professor Wilson, in the chair.

A letter was read from Colonel Stacy, in India, announcing a present to the Society of a number of fossil remains.

Professor Rigaud delivered a paper on the *Arenarius* of Archimedes.—The paper gave a general account of the contents of the *Arenarius*, of the method invented by Archimedes for the enumeration of very large numbers, and his artifice on the principle of logarithms, for finding the value of their products. It then entered on the state in which the Greek text of this treatise is now preserved to us. The first critical edition was that which Dr. Wallis published at Oxford in 1676, which is very valuable, although he had not the advantage of any manuscript to assist him, but principally depended for his authority on the imperfect text of Hervagius. Torelli, in preparing the edition of the works of Archimedes, which was published at Oxford in 1792, professes to follow Wallis, and indeed departs only in a very few places from what he had adopted. Torelli most probably was not aware that a much better text of the *Arenarius* had been printed in Great Britain many years previous to the completion of his own labours. The book, indeed, is very scarce, as it was never published, and only a few copies got abroad. Any one acquainted with the characters of Foulis's printing, must have immediately recognized the press at which it was executed; but it never had any regular title-page; and no particulars would probably be now known of it, if Mr. Barnwell had not preserved them in a note, which he has inserted in a copy belonging to the British Museum. From that valuable memorandum, we learn that the editor was Dr. Moor, Professor of Greek at Glasgow; and that he used a MS. for it, which had been lent him by the Abbé Salier, as it is said, out of the French king's library. He appears to have sent it back in 1751; but Mr. Barnwell, in 1828, could find no traces of it in that extensive collection at Paris; nor was any further clew discovered to an original authority for Dr. Moor's very superior readings, till a MS., in 1830, was left by Mr. Powell, of Balliol, to the Observatory at Oxford. In this Mr. Barnwell immediately observed a coincidence with the peculiar text of the Glasgow edition; but reasons were given in Prof. Rigaud's paper for doubting whether it was the identical MS. used by Dr. Moor; and if it was, whether it had ever belonged to the Royal Library at Paris. Anderson, in his translation of the *Arenarius*, published in 1782, alludes to Dr. Moor's (which he only knew as an anonymous) edition; and, from mistaken

caution, rejects the decided improvements which it affords. There is an old Latin translation which Hervagius added to his publication, although it essentially differs from his Greek text. Mr. Anderson suspected that the Glasgow edition was altered, and accommodated to this Latin, without considering (what is now indisputably clear,) that, by their agreement, the one became a confirmation of the other.

Professor Powell communicated a paper entitled 'Observations on the Refractive Indices for definite Rays in various Media.'

Some remarks were then made by Dr. Buckland and others, on the expected appearance of a number of meteors from the 10th to the 15th of this month.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Statistical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society, ( <i>Scientific Bus.</i> ) ½ p. Eight.	
	Medical and Chirurgical Society .....	p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Royal Academy ( <i>Anatomical Lect.</i> ) .....	Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE SIEGE OF CORINTH: with the YANKEE PEDLAR; and THE MAID OF CASHMERE.  
On Monday, OTHELLO; and THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.  
Tuesday, DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

##### OLYMPIC.

This Evening, THE BARRACK ROOM; after which HE WOULD BE ANCTOR; to which will be added, A PLEASANT NEIGHBOUR; to conclude with ONE HOUR, or the Carnival Ball.  
On Monday and Tuesday, THE OLYMPIC DEVILS.

##### CECILIAN SOCIETY, ALBION HALL, MOORGATE.

The Fifty-first Anniversary will be celebrated by a Performance of HAYDN'S SEASONS, on Tuesday next. Principal Professional Performers—Miss Birch, Mrs. G. Wood, Miss Rolfe, Mr. Turner, Mr. Purday, Mr. Harper (with a Trompet Concerto), Mr. Harper, Jun. (with a Violin Concerto), &c. To commence at Seven precisely. Books of the words to be had at the Rooms.  
Single Tickets 3s., Double Tickets 5s. each, may be had of Mr. Peek, 44, Newgate-street; Mr. Novello, Dean-street, Soho; Mr. Purday, 45, High Holborn; and Mr. Johnson, 114, London-wall.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

At this leisure time of year, when book follows book at a respectful distance, and theatres are but beginning to perform their promises,—when the doors of the Opera (alas for our listless evenings!) remain closed, and concerts are few, save those of the unobtrusive but most useful amateur societies, which neither court nor avoid publicity,—the new publications of art, which come before us, have sometimes an interest, as being suggestive, independently of their own intrinsic merits. Some of the few musical compositions before us, at least, have supplied us with food for speculation; and in reviewing them we shall offer, together with our opinion, a passing hint or two, which might possibly have been jostled out of our heads—and columns—at a busier time.

Let us begin with this *Grand Duet*, in *Three Movements*, for the *Piano-forte* or *Organ*, by Samuel Wesley.—There is a misplacing of words on the title-page of this sterling piece of music; the duet is written for the organ, and can only be performed on the piano-forte awkwardly, with loss of effect; but the latter is the popular instrument, and, therefore, must be thrust into a place of honour not its own. We are often sorry for this—not for the popularity of the piano-forte, but for the neglect of the organ. In former days a concerto by Handel or Stanley, (how strangely do fashions change!) even if played to a Vauxhall audience, was relished and enjoyed as an attractive item in a concert scheme. Now, even at the places where such performances would be introduced with the greatest propriety—we mean the Antient Concerts and the Provincial Festivals—they are rarely heard, and if permitted to be heard, utterly neglected; so that while those who addict themselves to the violin, throng by hundreds to listen to Paganini or De Beriot's concerto—their one redeeming thing in a hackneyed concert scheme,—and pianists may gratify their craving ten times a week during the season, thanks to Moscheles and Herz, and Thalberg,—the amateur of this grandest of all instruments (Bach's instrument) must hunt out his enjoyment, at unseasonable times and in ungenial places, by running from church to church; under the best circumstances at the mercy of "the powers that be,"

many of whom seem to imagine that the perfection of church music is to be found in short duration and wretched performance, and regard a voluntary or an interlude as wearing horns and a tail. This is a sad one-sidedness: surely, when the greatest artists of the day seem, with one consent, to be rallying round the ancient pillars of their art, the vehicle by which these worthies uttered their grand conceptions should not be utterly left unhonoured. We would have a grand organ piece (*well played*) introduced frequently at the Antient Concerts, and occasionally at the provincial oratorios,—nay, we can see no reason why the Philharmonic bills should not be similarly varied by the skill of a Mendelssohn, or a Neukomm; and, to make a beginning, we would bespeak Mr. Wesley, and some pupil elect of his, to favour us with the soundly-written and spirited duet, which has served as text to our lamentation over the decline of organ-playing. The theme of its first allegro is a little common, but the slow movement must be delicious when played as written; and the final fugue is worked with that easy, *progressive* mastery, which is essential to this form of composition, and, we are sorry to add, rarely found now-a-days.

Here we may with propriety mention Mr. Cruse's *One Hundred Original Single and Double Chants*, and his *Ten Deum*, the latter forming the first number of a collection of 'Original Cathedral Services,' and, to our thinking, something aimless in design, though in parts it is cleverly written and effective. But Mr. Cruse has followed the fashion of our cathedral writers; and the want of purpose to which we allude, is, perhaps, as much their fault as his own. Some of the chants are easy, original, and well harmonized, and we like them, as a whole, far better than any previous work by their author. His *Lament for Amy Claude*, with its elaborate title-page, (portrait included,) is a sad, silly puff: such publications always make us, as certainly, doubt the skill, as we are sure of the taste of the party by whom they are concocted.

We owe not a few thoughts and speculations to *The Coronal*, a *Collection of Songs*, the words by various well-known authors,—the music by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and, as amateur music runs, not wholly bad of its kind. But why should such things ever be published? and how come they to obtain so wide a circulation as they do?—a fact which is amply illustrated by the voluminous catalogue of amateur composers and their works which close the volume. Amateur authorship is the foible of the idle in the present day; but in literature, one who neglects the common rules of grammar, and borrows his thoughts wholesale, must write for the shades of his own esotisme, or for the benefit of the trunk-makers. It is not so in music; we are rightly called upon to listen, and accused of hyper-criticism and sulkeness, if we cannot applaud compositions in which the musical grammar is as false, and the ideas as wholly reflected, as any of the obscure and luckless treasures referred to. These spurious things not merely keep taste low in our private circles, but, by constantly habituating the ear to crude, and incorrect, and stale writing, must destroy it ultimately; and we are of opinion, that by nothing has English music suffered more seriously of late years, than the *ballad-frenzy* which has seized sundry personages possessed of good voices, retentive memories, and a large and admiring circle of friends. Nothing would please us more than to see the theory as well as the practice of the art legitimately cultivated amongst us; but, till this be done, we could dispense with the publication of most amateur music.

A *First Set of Songs and a Duet*, the Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. and others; the Music by H. Herz.—Graceful—piquant—not very original, and somewhat more *manière* than English compositions of a similar staple. A fairer character than the above could hardly be given, in a column of analysis or panegyric. 'Night at Sea' is the sweetest among them; 'How the night her mantle closes,' has much of the character of the sacred music, so effectively introduced into the modern French operas; 'Land of Song' flows on pleasantly; and 'Sign not,' and 'Our song shall be of other days,' are two as pretty *airs de ballet* as we could desire. In fact, as far as original melody goes, M. Herz is eminently fitted to write dance-music. We mean no discredit to the cleverness of mechanism he has shown in many of his compositions, but his melodies are all *pointed*—

superficial and airy—the very things to inspire *entrechats*, and to suggest grand, or gay, or tender attitudes to the “light fantastic” nymphs and swains of the Opera.

We must stop for the present, leaving Mr. Hopkinson's *Parting Song* with only a passing word. Mr. Bonner's *First Air, with Variations, for the Violoncello*, (the very last work on our list,) is written to display the peculiar powers of that instrument, on a theme neither very new nor very simple.

#### MISCELLANEA

**London University.**—(To the Editor of the *Athenæum*).—Sir,—The draft charter of the proposed University has at length appeared, and while it yet remains a draft, I would beg admission for a short statement of one of the evils which must result from the deviation from the original design of the Institution. It is notorious that one main cause of the inefficiency of schoolmasters, is the want of some means of knowing even their acquirements. It is also generally admitted, that this difficulty cannot be completely overcome until normal schools are established, which shall secure to the public authorized teachers, and where, amongst the *connaissances positives*, the art of education itself shall find a place. But, in the meantime, the proposed University might be made of great immediate benefit. At present University degrees can only be obtained at certain places, and at a considerable expense; and these conditions, to say nothing of others equally important, are sufficient to prevent those distinctions from being considered the index of ability and acquirements. Now, if the new University be open to all,—if it fulfil the promise with which it was first announced, and which is even now to be found in the preamble of the charter,—if it receive candidates *without distinction*, and require knowledge only, without stopping to inquire where that knowledge has been obtained, then, indeed, a degree will be a test which the public may fairly claim from every one who takes upon himself the office of a teacher. But if it is to confine its honours to candidates from favoured schools, no matter what or how many,—if degrees are still to represent something besides the acquirements of those who receive them, and if the majority of well-educated men are still to be without degrees, the opportunity of protecting society against specious ignorance will be lost, and the new University will be only an additional obstacle to the introduction of a more comprehensive measure. If I am right in thinking the proposed restriction mischievous, I need no apology for occupying your columns; and, perhaps, I may be permitted to express a hope that the Directors of the Central Society of Education will step beyond the narrow limits within which they have proposed to confine their labours, and signalize the commencement of their career by attempting to prevent the sacrifice of the public good, to the profit or the pride of a few individuals. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, E. A.

**New Life-buoy.**—It is intended to be hung over a ship's stern, as those at present are, and to display a light as they now do; but the improvement consists in the capability it affords of one, two, or three persons getting into it and sitting in perfect safety, without the possibility of injury from sharks, or without tiring themselves as they must do with the present life-buoys, which they can only hold on by, but cannot get upon. The proposed buoy is the invention of T. T. Grant, Esq., the storekeeper of Weevil Vintualling Yard, and consists of a double copper basin, about 3½ feet diameter, and contains sufficient air between the two basins to float three men; this air-tight space is separated into four compartments, to secure its buoyancy in case either one should accidentally leak, and a man can lay hold of it and seat himself on the upper rim, with his legs in the basin, without any great effort, and when there, cannot be thrown out, as he has the upright staff to hold on by.—*Hants Telegraph*.

**Iodine.**—An eminent French chemist, Vauquelin, has lately discovered that silver ore contains a large portion of iodine. Mineralogists hitherto had no idea that this mineral was imbedded in ore; all that was known being that it came from Mexico. From some inquiries made by M. Vauquelin of some natives of Mexico, now in Paris, it appears that the mineral comes from the mine of Albarados, in the mountains

called Cetto-Temerora, and that iodine is likewise found connected with the ore of the carbonated lead. What is curious, is, that it has also been discovered in two plants, which grow far from the sea—viz. in an aloe, called there Sebilla, and in a species of barilla growing in the floating islands of the fresh water lakes of Mexico.—*French Paper*.

**Ancient Characters on Marble.**—Mr. Brown, Professor of Geology at Philadelphia, communicates to the French Academy of Sciences, that a cavity, full of a black pulverulent substance, has been discovered when sawing through a block of marble. This substance, which Mr. Brown calls primitive carbon, being removed, the flat surface of the cavity presented several lines in relief, the union of which distinctly formed two letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—In your excellent analysis of the proceedings of the British Association at Bristol, you state (p. 624) that a paper was read by Mr. Hopkins (to the Geological Section) “affording theoretical views of the phenomena of elevation, in which he brought forward a series of observations of the highest importance to science in general, and to Geology in particular. He entered into the consideration of the mineral veins of Derbyshire, which were fissures filled with mineral matters, with regard to their directions; and the result of his examination of them had been of the most astounding character, namely, the direction of the axis of dislocation, which had caused the fissure, was true north and south, while that of the structure of the rocks was magnetic north and south; thereby showing the connexion between magnetism and mineral veins.” It appears that the “most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors” of Geology, were in ecstasies at this idea, which Professor Sedgwick pronounced “the most important communication as yet made to the Section,” forgetting, for the moment, the idea of Mr. Fox, which really lets us into the arcana of nature. Now, one cannot but smile to see the great pillars of Geology catch at a bubble which bursts the instant it is touched. They seem to have entirely forgotten that the *magnetic meridian* is an ever-changing line; that in 1580 the variation at London was 11° 13' E., and in 1823, at the same place, 24° 9' 40" W., and is now veering back to zero; the period of revolution of the North American magnetic pole, being, according to Mr. Haughton, 1800 years. How, therefore, any scientific man could attempt to derive a law from the accidental position of the magnetic meridian at any given period, is, to say the least of it, surprising. Mr. Hopkins's examination is, however, important in several respects. He has discovered an interesting fact; and though he has not discovered the law, he has given a *clue to it*; besides, the eagerness with which the idea was seized upon, proves that Geologists are at length convinced that all the theories hitherto proposed are inadequate to the explanation of Geological phenomena. They at length feel with Sir Humphry Davy, that “our philosophical systems are very imperfect, and must change, more or less, with the advancement of science.” J. BYERLEY.

**Welsh MSS.**—SIR,—The remarks on Welsh MSS. in your last number, attracted my attention, and I was highly pleased with your observations. The Welsh are more celebrated for their love of literature than the other branches of the Celtic race, and their culture of the language is astonishing. The literary labours of the Cymry, Historical, Genealogical, Medical, and Bardic, are perhaps greater than that of all the other divisions put together; and the fact of fifteen or sixteen Cymraeg periodicals being supported in Wales, proves that the people have a strong taste for reading. It is much to be regretted that so many valuable MSS. have, from time to time, fallen a prey to accidental destruction, or have suffered to perish otherwise, but many curious and valuable libraries still remain. The late patriotic Mr. Owen (Myfyr), of London, formed an interesting collection of old MS. volumes, and transcriptions of many others, all of which, with some purchased from Mr. Roberts (Llanrhedol), are now added to the library of the Royal Cymmrodorion Society, Freeman's Tavern; a full catalogue of which was lately completed. In the Welsh School, Gray's Inn Lane, is a very curious collection of MSS., particularly of ancient music; and several individuals in the metropolis, who retain a predilection for their vernacular tongue, possess works of the bards, old genealogies, &c. In the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, published a few years ago, by a spirited native of Wylt Cymru, who carried it on at his own risk, and, I fear, eventual loss, catalogues and notices of various collections were given. The Cymmrodorion have prepared, at considerable cost, an ample descriptive catalogue of all the documents preserved in the British Museum relating to Wales, amounting to some thousands, many of them unique, with specimens of the MSS. and illuminations. Many of these are of great antiquity and importance, and the Society intend the volume for publication.—It is this Society which has submitted the poems of Lewis Glyn Goch to the editorship of the learned Mr. Jones (Tegid) of Oxford, who will shortly have these interesting compositions ready for press, adding another work to many others which this excellent Institution has been the means of bringing before the public. This curious compilation will give some idea of the literary treasures of the Principality. The example of the Cambrians ought to be followed by the Highland and Irish Societies, as far as respects their national documents.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
LONDON, NOV. 15. JAMES LOGAN.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The MS. left as requested by W. H. C.  
W. F. G. W.—T. M.—R. S. L. M.—J. L.—J. A. E. M.  
—R. H. G.—L. S.—R. C. W.—A. T.—received.

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